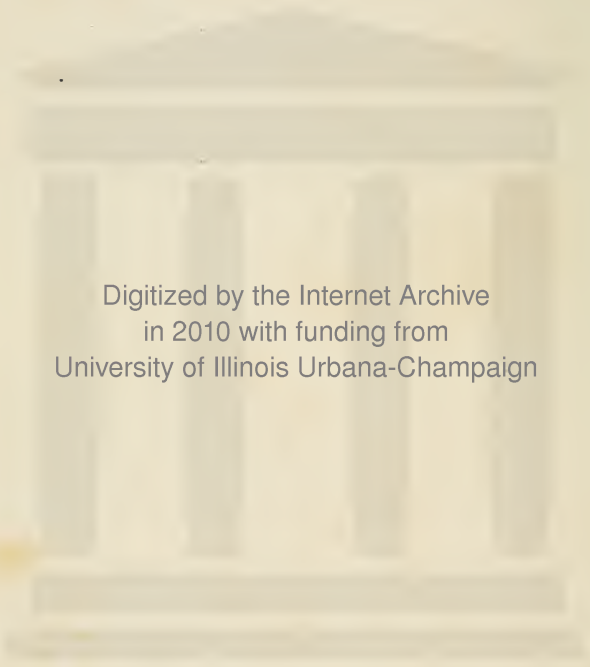


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
T1422g
v.2



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

THE GRANVILLES.

An Irish Tale.

BY

THE HON. THOMAS TALBOT.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

London :

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1882.

[*All rights reserved.*]

LONDON :
PRINTED BY GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, LIMITED,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.

823
T1422g
v.2

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
CHAPTER X.—(<i>continued</i>)	1

CHAPTER XI.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS—THE VIRTUE OF PATIENCE	18
---	----

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIENDLY CALL—IRISH POLITICS	51
--	----

CHAPTER XIII.

PADDY LARKIN HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL OF THE WHITEFEET—VARIOUS PLANS PROPOSED, AND PROPOSITIONS MADE	113
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF FAIRBOROUGH— THEY TAKE A DEEP INTEREST IN THE FORTUNES OF HERBERT GRANVILLE	177
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

	PAGE
PADDY LARKIN HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR —OPPOSITION OF VIEWS—THE RISING POSTPONED	223

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—PARTRIDGE SHOOT- ING	255
---	-----

THE GRANVILLES.

CHAPTER X. (CONTINUED).

THE captain awaited Denny's approach, throwing himself amid the fern at the bottom of a ditch close to which he saw his friend would have to pass. He had been scarcely a quarter of an hour in waiting when the piper crossed the ditch, and met his gaze.

"Ship, ahoy! whither bound?" exclaimed the captain, as the piper jumped over the ditch a little beyond him.

"Hurroo-o-o," responded Denny, as he took off his felt hat, and waved it in the air.

"What's stirrin', captain, achra? any weddin', or haulin' home, or christenin', or

long dance?—Och, but shure it's not the season for weddin's anyhow."

As the piper thus ran over his gamut of familiar scenes of professional engagements, the captain had risen to his legs, and beckoned to him to follow him. He then led the way up the side of the hill, entering the lower part of the grove already mentioned, and pressing through the shrub and underwood, until he reached a secluded spot, which, though surrounded by lofty trees and thick tangled shrub on three sides, commanded on the remaining side a most picturesque view of a portion of the Vale of Orma. Here they sat down upon a couch composed of fern and tall grass, the piper placing his green bag by his side, and his felt hat upon one of his knees.

"Denny," commenced the captain after they had rested awhile, "that's a fine valley and fair to be seen," pointing down the Vale of Orma.

"You may say that," was the rejoinder, "where, in the world's journey, could it be beat? I never seen the like in all my travels, anyhow."

"Well, I suppose you didn't: but *your*

travels were not very remarkable for difference of latitude, or of longitude either. You never crossed the line, Denny."

"Why, no; I'd be long sorry to go where he is. I hear tell of him; and that's enough for me. Paddy Larkin tould me he seen him in Cushport when he was there last winther. He was crossing the bridge when he first seen him comin' along in a big coach, as big as a barn. I never hear the like as he tould me about him. The Lord help us! they say there's no end of 'em in the country they call Afrikee: so Paddy Larkin tould me, and he knows everything because he's joined in the 'Sociation with O'Connel himself. He is a wonderful knowlegeable man. They say he's goin' to be married to Anty Dreelin, ould Ned Dreelin's daughther at the Cross. They say the ould man is against it, because for why? You see he don't much like Paddy, because he's in the 'Sociation. He is a solid 'cute ould man: but, Moll!—he-e-e! he-e-e! Oh, murdher an' agers! she'd put her eyes on Kippins to see Anty and himself married; she is a real trump; and

'ud die blood to the eyes for the *Bouchalee-bawna*."

"Denny," interrupted the captain, "you are talking of one thing, and I am talking of another. You are talking of wild beasts: but I am talking of the equator. Do you understand?"

"Oh, ho!" ejaculated Denny, "now I have you. The 'quethur; aye! aye! that's the word, I remember now. Didn't Paddy Larkin sack Jim Cokely, the schoolmaster, with that very same word. This is the way it was; they were drinkin' together at Peter Mackey's at the Cross, of a funeral day, and the house was full of people: hows'ever, the argument rose atween 'em, and all the people in the tap-room gathered round 'em 'Come,' says Paddy,—'come Mr. Cokely,' says he, 'how do you draw your 'quathur from that to that,' drawin' his finger at the same minute with the beer that was spilt on the table—drawin' his finger in a straight line across. Begor, Cokely was dumbfounded, and he never opened his mouth, but every one that was there gave it in favour of Paddy Larkin; and said that Cokely was sacked. You never hear

such cheerin' in all your born days, and every one drank to Paddy :—'twas I drink to you, Paddy, here, and I drink to you Paddy, there; until, by shnakes, if he could hould as much as a puncheon, they'd fill him up to the lips with as fine drinking as ever moistined a man's whistle. That's the way it was. And then, after he came out, nothin' 'ud do the boys but to carry the noble Paddy on their shoulders, shouting and hurrooing, up to ould Ned Dreelin's door. And to see Moll! hee-e-e! hee-e-e! Och, tare an' agers! and her two arms swung up in the air, and her mouth open as wide as a shkillet, hurrooing for the bare life."

"Denny," said the captain, "do you know what is troubling me now?"

"Troth, I don't, captain; and more than that, I'd be sorry to have care or trouble fall on you, or on any one belongin' to you. Och, mavrone! shure there's grief and sorrow enough in the world, to leave you alone now. You had sorrow enough, in your early days, God help us! but maybe 'tis the will of God, blessed be His holy name for ever and ever:—shure enough, He knows what's good for us."

“No, Denny, ’t isn’t that; I have other trouble, not my own.”

“Och, God help us! shure enough, ’tis other people cause the most of our trouble. That’s the way ’twas wid myself often enough. And what might it be, captain, ashore?”

“Look here, now, Denny! I’m trying to study the clouds. And I am troubled about what’s in ’em. Stop, and listen to me now. I said that that down there is a fine valley, and fair to look at: and so it is; but, Denny, there are serpents hiding in the bosom of it. Yes, serpents worse than those that St. Patrick banished out of the country when he first planted the Saviour’s cross on its hills and valleys. They are serpents in human shape and form; and black and deadly is the poison in their sting. Some people look very smooth and smiling; but their hearts are as rough and as wicked as their master, the devil, can make them.”

Here Denny crossed his forehead with his thumb and sighed deeply, muttering at the same time some prayers between his teeth, which began to chatter, but the captain continued,—

“Yes, what I say is true. Do you know that some of ’em down there are laying snares to transport, or hang, may be, Masther Herbert Granville.”

“Och, murther! murther!” exclaimed Denny.

“Listen to me, now, and never mind sayin’ anything ’till I’m done,” continued the captain. “I need’n tell you, who know it as well as any man, that Joe Whitmore is a spawn of hell, and that Peter Mackey is a connivin’ thief that ’ud rob a church if he could do it without being seen—aye, rob a church, indeed!—he’d sell our Saviour, like Judas Iscariot, if his fist was greased.”

“Och, marcy on our sowls, and the sowls of the faithful departed. Och! murther, murther,” exclaimed Denny again, unable to restrain the awful feelings that agitated him.

“Well,” proceeded the captain, “they want to murther Masther Herbert between ’em. But I must study the clouds; and you must help me to save the innocent. Denny, when a big black cloud hangs over your head, like a bare, dark mountain turned upside down, and when it looks

like fallin' on the ground ; there's thunder and lightenin' in that, and rain, and wind, maybe. When it isn't too big, nor too black, but streaks of white, like sheep's dirty wool, runnin' through it, and it stands high up in the sky, there's only wind in it, maybe ; and may be a spatther of rain. And suppose, there's a little cloud, about the size of the palm of your hand, but black and dirty, wheelin' here and wheelin' there, there's nothing in that when you see it first, but wait awhile, and maybe. it would grow bigger and bigger, until in the long-run, it would burst over your head, and, maybe, drive the lightning spinning through your heart. What do you say to that ? ”

“ God atween us, and all harm,” replied Denny, “ how was it with Dan Tracey, when he was crossin' the Spooler hills, in the middle of the day, comin' home from Nancy Daly's weddin' and the pipes under his arm, and he thinkin' of nothin' ? he got one slap of lightenin' in the face, that sent him tumbling down the hill, till he was pitched into Simon Duv's cabin, through the sods on the roof, and stretched in the pigs' trough. And he'd

never taste a morsel of God's bread only for Nell took him up, and rubbed his breast, and put a trifle of spirits down his throat, and then, maybe, he came to his senses ; and tould how it happened. And did the lightenin' strike Masther Herbert yet? Oh, John Gorman, John Gorman! for the love of the good God above us, keep Masther Herbert from hurt and harm ; from thundher and lightenin', and from rain and wind. His father, and his grandfather 'efore him, stood to my father and grandfather when the dark night overtook 'em in the troubled times. God be merciful to all their sowls now, and for ever and ever. Amen. I pray. And there's Masther Herbert himself, the true blood of the Granvilles, standin', or walkin', day, or night, he is the rale gintleman, always ready and willin' to help man, woman, or child, who is in want or trouble. There's goodness in his heart, there's music on his tongue ; and there's luck and grace wherever he puts his foot. Save him—oh—John Gorman! save the noble branch of the ould noble Granville stock :—save him from thunder and lightenin', save him from wind and rain,

save him from his enemies, here, and hereafter:—and here I am,” (he rose from the ground as he spoke, and turned up the cuffs of his coat sleeves, as if in the act of preparing to strike some assailant) “and here I am, Denny Mullins, from Glen Corril, ready to stand to your back, against any man that dare to rise a hand against the Granvilles of Ashgrove; and over and above all, against Masther Herbert, the heart’s blood of true honour. Come, John Gorman!” and he waved one of his arms aloft—“come I say—lead the way—*show me* the man that offers to lay a finger on Masther Herbert, and I’ll *show him* that Denny Mullins of Glen Corril has a heart in his body, and blood in his veins. Come on, follow me, John Gorman:” and he sprang forward between the trees, brandishing his arms, and crying out, ‘*Granville aboo, Granville aboo!*’ ”

The captain raised himself calmly from the ground, and walking towards the piper, said,—

“Denny! sit down here again, and listen to what I have to say to you, and when you’ve heard it, keep it close in

your mind, until the time for action comes. Come, sit down here now."

The piper immediately grew calm, and resumed his seat, while the captain thus went on,—

"Now, Joe Whitmore,"—("Oh, bad luck to him," interjected Denny)—"I say, Joe Whitmore wants to make out that Masther Herbert is joined with the Whitefeet,—you know the Whitefeet are a foolish set of young men who are joined together by secret oaths to *free Ireland*, as they say. And they go about by night, taking fire-arms out of the houses of the gentry by force; and persuading the innocent people that 'tis O'Connel that appointed them for this work. Well, a great many join their ranks who fancy that it is for the good of the country they're doing this. And the farmers and other well-to-do people don't like to meddle with 'em, but let 'em pass. But the farmers suffer a great deal of loss by them; for they take the horses out of the fields, or stables at night, and ride 'em about for scores of miles through the country in their patriotic expeditions, as they call their idle vagabond business. Sometimes they send 'em back after two

or three days, or more, maybe, half starved, or crippled. And sometimes there is never any tale or tidings of 'em. They take poultry, and sheep, too; to eat at their nightly meetings on the hills. But sure, I needn't tell *you*, how it is: you know all about it, sure everybody knows it, and honest people know it to their grief. Well, if any of those are caught committing depredations, or maybe, murder, they'll be tried, and maybe *hanged*, but transported at least: and it isn't those alone who are caught in the fact that'll suffer: but every one who is proved to be joined with 'em; and the higher they are, the heavier the hand the Government will lay on 'em. Do you see? Well now; Whitmore is trying to make out that Masther Herbert is joined with 'em. And he has that Devil's nut, Peter Mackey in co. with him, inventin' and findin' out all he can. There's the cloud. 'Tis a little cloud now, and no more than the size of the palm of your hand, but it will grow, maybe, and we must watch it. Now, there's Paddy Larkin, he's a poor slob of a boy with an honest heart, but a foolish head. He wouldn't see a hair hurtled on

Masther Herbert's head, and he hasn't love or likin' for Whitmore, or for Peter Mackey either. Well, *he* is joined in this business; and he might be put on his guard against the schemes of those two imps of Beelzebub in regard of Masther Herbert. You'll do that. But you must do another thing. You must put Whitmore on the wrong scent, if he ever speaks to you about this business: which he is like to do, some time or other, when you're playin' for him down at the Castle. So that when he is settin' his trap for Masther Herbert, you can make him set it, maybe, where himself 'll walk into it, instead of the man he wants to catch. Do you mind me now?"

Denny, who sat all this time with his chin resting on the palm of his left hand, while he kept pulling up tufts of grass, and casting them into the air with the other hand, looked up at the captain, with a twist in his mouth, and one eye firmly closed, as if labouring in the solution of the problem before him, said slowly and deliberately,—

"John Gorman, I'm close to five-and-forty years in this blessed world, and I never yet met a man, woman, or child that

I'd wish to hurt or harm, but if Joe Whitmore or Peter Mackey touches a hair on Masther Herbert's head, I swear by the sun that's shinin' above me, and by all the hills and sthreams that was blessed by the holy St. Patrick, I'll have their lives, or they'll have mine. That's what I say, John Gorman."

"Be easy, Denny! don't talk rashly," said the captain, "we don't want any man's life. What we want is to save life, not to take it away. Denny, you know that every man's life belongs to God who made us all; and that we have no more right to take it or to injure it than we have to do anything else that's forbidden by the laws of God. But if any man tries to take away the life of another, we are bound to do our best to prevent it; and to prevent it, too, at the risk of losing our own, or of, maybe, destroyin' the life of him who tries to do it. If we can prevent hurt or harm to Masther Herbert, without doin' hurt or harm to any one else, well and good; but if we are hard set to defend him; and that all comes to all, then if others come by harm, we can't help it. But we must be on our guard. We are weak, our enemies

are strong: and 'tis nothing new to us in this unfortunate old country of ours, that it isn't the right that's always uppermost. That's the reason that we must be on our guard; and take care to have everything straight and fair, at any rate, on our side. So, now, the next time that you're playin' your pipes at Whitmore's at the Castle, keep your eyes and your ears about you, and let nothing pass without noticin' it. And if he speaks to you about the Bouchaleebawn; or about Masther Herbert, mind not to let any word slip that'd give him any advantage. And bring everything to me that'll happen. That's what I wanted to speak to you about: so now you'll know how to behave. But where are you going this evening with your pipes?"

"Down to Sycamore Lodge, to Sir Michael Carey's," answered the piper, "he sent for me in the mornin', and his orders were that I was to be down at half-past seven in the evenin' to play for him in the lodge. I believe there's a couple of strange gentlemen there from England, or some place; and he want's to divart 'em a bit. A good gentleman he is; and sound to the backbone, he is none of your

upsthart shoneens that'd trample on the poor people, and grudge a man fair play : och, no such thing ; but a comely, upright, gentleman, with a good will for every one, and a heart in his body as straight as my chanther. Now, John Gorman, 'tis time for me to be goin'. I have three good miles before me ; and by the time I'm over 'em 'twill be late enough."

"Will you pass by the Cross on your way down?" asked the captain.

"'Tis the straightest road I can make," was the reply, "but I was thinkin' in the mornin' to call into Brookfield Hall, on my way down, to play a couple of tunes for Mrs. Moore and the ladies ; but I'm afraid now 'twill be too late on me."

"Because," said the captain, "if you passed by the Cross, you might meet with Peter Mackey, and he might be trying to pick some knowledge out of you about what we were speakin' on ; but you undherstand now how to meet him yard-arm to yard-arm. Give the *sleeveen* no hold of you ; but tack, and bear down on his quarter ; and then board him, pike in hand."

"Och, leave the shnake to me," replied

Denny, "and I'll sarve him as Nick Dumphy sarved the eel,—I'll tie him round my leg for a garther; and when I'm tired of him that way, I'll make fungs out of him for my brogues; hee-e-e! hee-e-e!"

"Now," said the captain, springing to his legs, "I'll not delay you any longer. I must go across to my own place, and see how the craft lies there. After that, maybe, I'll call down to Ashgrove; but I'm not sure. God's blessin' with you, Denny."

"The same to you, captain," was the reply, and the two friends parted, each towards his own destination.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHANGE OF TACTICS—THE VIRTUE OF
PATIENCE.

WHEN Fanny Moore parted from her lover on the mountain road, she passed, as we have stated, into the fields on the slope of the mountain spur, or hill, above her own residence, and descended in a zigzag line towards the rear of the Hall. Having reached the eastern boundary of the shrubbery, she passed round by the farmyard, and came out upon the lawn in front of the mansion. Having advanced some hundred yards under the shade of the trees which fringed the side of the lawn, and as she approached the hall-door, she heard a strain of exquisite melody proceeding from the drawing-room, the windows of which were raised. She approached nearer, and listened; and immediately recognized the

voice of Julia Granville, mingled with the notes of the piano. She felt a thrill of gladness pervading her bosom; and she hastened to meet her friend. As she stepped gaily into the room, she saw Miss Granville at the piano, and her own brother, Harry Moore, standing by her side. She was singing the following air:—

What would be this world if Friendship's bright ray
Had not sprinkled its light on our pathway along?—
Like the gloom that impends on the footsteps of day;
Like the feast unenliven'd by laughter and song.

All-cheerless and hopeless, desponding, unblest
Our days would be draped in the gloom of despair;
And our hearts, vaguely dreaming of heaven and
rest,

Would falter, and doubt e'en of happiness there.

But thrill'd by the voice of Affection, we feel
Released from the burden that erewhile perplex'd
Our thoughts and our feelings; which straightway
reveal

The blessings of this life,—the joys of the next.

Then give me but Friendship, bright-beaming
and pure,

In the bond of Affection by heaven made fast;
And whate'er may befall, this fond heart shall
endure

Its trials and its troubles,—still blest to the last.

Miss Granville immediately sprang from the piano upon seeing Fanny, and the two

friends became locked in each other's embrace. Then followed expressions of mutual joy and delight, uttered with as much zeal and tenderness as if they had been separated for months, and had now met again for the first time. Nor was their enthusiastic greeting the effect of mere conventional usage, a ceremony gone through in conformity with any established rules of polite social intercourse ; of course, it was the reverse of all this ; but it was a greeting in conformity with the ardent impulses of two young and innocent hearts who tenderly loved each other, and who would not be restrained by any social formality from expressing, both in word and act, the deep loving impulses that ruled them. And what is there in the whole circle of social life more beautiful, more edifying than this concurrence of gentle feeling swaying and elevating the hearts and dispositions of the young and the innocent ? And in this particular, in the free and glowing current of the affections, where friendship, and gentleness, and love are borne along in the sunshine of truth, and confidence, and sincerity, the country life may be fairly regarded as

possessing superior advantages to that of the city. Everything tends to the creation and growth of those advantages. The sun, the air, the sky, the landscape are so many elements in the production of that condition of high-toned feeling which gives strength and vivacity to the moral virtues, and elevates the soul to the loftiest region of generous thought and action. It is, as it were, God's immediate presence, breathing love into the hearts of His creatures, and inspiring them with lofty and holy thoughts. Everything in the country speaks of the Creator's love and goodness, as well as of His power and majesty. And when the heart is open to the influences naturally springing from those grand and loving manifestations of the Creator's power and goodness, it cannot but be elevated, enlarged, and purified; as well as directed in its pulsations to the observance and active exercise of those moral virtues impressed upon it by the hand of nature.

The life of a city is, in a great measure, shut out from this influence of Nature's works. It is a life more impressed by the actions and machinations of man, than by

the works and inspiration of God. And it is on that account, less capable of lifting the soul to the higher sphere of thought, where a brighter world meets its view, and where it feels the atmosphere of its native home. Few, indeed, are they who are not depressed in their nobler impulses by the constant contact with city life; whose feelings are not warped and weakened by its unhealthy influences; and who can lift themselves above the level of its grovelling pursuits. The atmosphere, the daily operations of trade and commerce, and the ideas and practices inseparable from them, are influences unfavourable to the growth and permanent strength of the moral virtues. The soul is made to shrink, as it were, within itself.

We have been drawn into these observations by the play of generous feeling which took place between Fanny Moore and her friend Julia Granville. They were both children of the country. They had imbibed its elevating influence from their cradle; and they exhibited in their feelings and manners its purity and sweetness.

Their meeting on this occasion was the mere result of accident. It was brought

about in this way. After breakfast on that morning Harry Moore had determined to go out for a day's angling, provided he could get Herbert Granville to join him. With that view he busied himself for an hour after breakfast in preparation for the day's sport; after which he sauntered across the fields to Ashgrove to see Herbert, and to induce him to join him. Herbert, however, was not to be seen; as our readers are aware that about that time he had wandered away from home, and was strolling along by the hedges in the direction of Brookfield Hall, with his book under his arm; over the pages of which he now and then lingered as he chanced to pass by a high and shaded hedge on his way. So that by the time Harry had reached the lawn before Ashgrove House, Herbert was crossing the rustic wall which divided the farm road in the rear of Brookfield Hall, from the shrubbery where he and the captain had held their interview. When, therefore, Harry had inquired for his friend, he was informed by the servant that he had gone out some time ago, and that he could not tell him at what time he was likely to return.

Just at this moment Miss Julia Granville happened to be crossing the hall on her way from the parlour to the drawing-room, attired in such a manner as indicated her intention of going abroad to enjoy the sweetness of the morning. It is needless to say that they were mutually rejoiced at the accidental meeting ; for they had long entertained somewhat more than ordinary feelings of friendship for each other. Harry and herself passed into the drawing-room ; and after a brief conversation there they agreed to take a walk together through the fields, Harry giving up his intended arrangement as to the angling excursion, in the absence of Herbert. They accordingly sallied forth into the beautiful sunshine, chatting gaily, as they went, upon various topics, of trivial import, as they bore upon general interest, but exceedingly interesting to themselves inasmuch they touched upon those chords of feeling around which their special world revolved.

Thus engaged in sweet and thrilling converse they crossed over the Ashgrove demesne and passed out into the country beyond, through a turnstile in the desmene wall. They continued their walk by the

lanes and hedges of the neighbouring farms, until they came to the village or rather the Cross of Ballydine, when they turned their steps up the mountain road, leading by the demesne of Brookfield Hall. They passed into the demesne ; and so on to the lawn, until they at length found themselves in the drawing-room of the Hall. Fanny Moore was absent, as our readers are aware ; but her piano was open, and so Julia Granville, at the request of Harry, sat down by it, and ran her fingers over its keys. After a short prelude she commenced an air, and thus broke into that soft and touching melody, which came so sweetly upon the ears of Fanny Moore as she had approached the hall-door on her return from the Druid's Glen.

After the affectionate and joyous embrace of the two friends, to which we have alluded, and during which Harry Moore appeared not a little amused, as well as pleased, they both sat down together upon a couch, Fanny's arm round the waist of her friend, and commenced chatting about the fields, and the flowers, and similar topics, which naturally suggested themselves under the circumstances of the

moment. We must here take notice that Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan had not yet returned from their morning visits, and that Mr. Moore had rode down a few hours before to the town of Corrigcastle to attend a sitting of Petty Sessions, and was still absent; so that the house was altogether in the keeping of our three young friends, and the servants.

“I think we should contrive to manage our domestic concerns well enough, even if sole occupants of the place,” observed Harry in reply to an observation of Fanny relative to the absence of the heads of the family; “I dare say it will be the case one time or other, unless some of us pass away from the world before the usual time for such emigration. What do you say, Miss Granville?”

“Oh, I am sure I should be very sorry to lose Mr. and Mrs. Moore: I hope they will not die for long years to come,” answered Miss Granville.

“I do not think I could live after papa and mamma. I hope they will not die while I live,” observed Miss Moore, with an air of confident security, as though dying in the case of the persons alluded to was a

thing simply out of the category of ordinary events.

“ ’Tis a sad thing to lose one’s father,” said Miss Granville, with a low, trembling accent, and a slight shudder: “but we must be reconciled, under all changes and privations, to the will of God.”

“ Dear Julia,” exclaimed Fanny, pressing closer to her friend, and placing her cheek upon hers, “ dear Julia, God has indeed laid a heavy hand upon your family. There are some bad people in the world; and those cause a great deal of sorrow and suffering to others who have done nothing to deserve them, but who, on the contrary, have merited well of all within their circle and influence. And what sometimes appears strange to me is, that God permits such people to do all this wrong, and to go on at the same time prospering as if they were doing good instead of harm. But all this is a mystery: God alone knows what is best for us.”

Julia listened to her friend, a light cloud of sadness passing over her brow, which she in vain endeavoured to conceal; for as Fanny concluded her remarks, a tear stole down the cheek of her friend, and

moistened her own. Harry, too, became evidently affected, for he rose from his seat, and walked towards one of the windows that looked out upon the lawn, saying, as he did so,—

“I wonder what is keeping my father so long at the Sessions Court, he should be here before this.”

The two young ladies then spoke together for a few minutes, after which they rose, and joined Harry at the window, Fanny saying,—

“It is a pity to be indoors so delightful an evening ; let us go out on to the lawn.”

They accordingly left the room, and walked out in the beautiful sunshine that was flooding with its soft radiance the flowers, and trees, and velvet grass ; and making shadows over the lawn where the large elms extended their spreading branches. The evening was peaceful and inviting ; and they walked along until they reached the lower gate which opened from the public road into the long avenue that wound up through the grounds adjoining the lawn. As they reached this gate they saw a woman in a blue hooded cloak and red head-dress coming up the road from

the direction of the village; after a brief observation Harry recognized her as Nelly Corkoran, the captain's cousin and house-keeper. As soon as she observed them at the gate, she hastened her pace, and soon reached the spot where they were standing. She curtsied low to the ladies, and then to Harry, saying that she was glad she met them, as she had intended to go up to the Hall to tell them that Mr. and Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan had gone up to Whitmore Castle with Mr. Whitmore, whom they had met on their way home. She was at the Castle herself, and as she met them on her way from it about two hours ago, they told her to call, and to tell the family at the Hall that they would not be home as soon as they had intended, as they were going to remain for a short time at Castle Whitmore.

"How does *honest* Joe look, Nelly?" asked Harry in a tone of sarcastic humour, which Nelly was not slow to observe.

"In troth, your honour, he was lookin' the same as ever, and that's not much to say for him. Och, 'tis easy knowin' who is a gentleman, and who is not," was Nelly's reply.

“You must not lessen Mr. Whitmore in the presence of the ladies here,” said Harry.

“God forbid that either of the ladies here should have share or part with the likes of *him*. ’Twould be the sore day for the country, and for the poor people, when the Whitmore breed would be mixed with the rale gentry; I’d like to hear tell of it indeed! No! no! Miss Fanny and Miss Julia will be married, please God, to those that’s desarvin’ of ’em, and that they needn’t be ashamed to mix their blood with. They can hold up their heads; and marry their own equals in character and family; and rear up their children to be a blessin’ and an ornament to the counthry; not all as one as to have Joe Whitmore tied to ’em, who has neither family, nor blood, nor conduct, nor sense to make any woman care about him, let alone real, born ladies. Oh, the Lord presarve us from the like o’ that, Joe Whitmore indeed.”

And here she laughed very heartily, casting, at the same time, an intelligent glance at Miss Moore.

“And now,” she resumed, directing her words to Miss Granville, “by-and-by, please God, when yourself and Masther

Harry here will be livin' together up at the Hall, I'll be goin' up to see the children," the ladies began to laugh, and tried to stop her, but Harry encouraged her to go on, an encouragement which she did not at all seem to require, for she went on without a moment's pause, "and I'll go bail that they'll be the image of their father, God bless you, Masther Harry! but they'll have the eyes and hair of the Granvilles. 'Twill be the same with Miss Fanny's children here."

The ladies again essayed to stop her, but it was to no purpose, as she appeared resolved to deliver herself of the pleasing weight of her happy forebodings.

"Isn't he the darlin', comely gentleman, Miss Fanny?"

"Who?" inquired Harry.

"Och," she resumed, "who should it be but Masther Herbert? And the first'll be a boy. I was dreamin' about it last night. I thought I saw in the bed—"

"Oh, stop, stop, Nelly," exclaimed both ladies together.

"No, no; go on, Nelly," cried Harry; and Nelly did go on.

"I thought I saw—"

“Oh, come away, Julia,” cried Fanny; “Nelly is very naughty this evening,” and both ladies walked away, laughing.

Nelly laughed too, and called out to them to wait, as she had something to say to them which she could not postpone. She then approached them, and whispered something in so low a voice that Harry could not catch the words. She then repeated her curtsies and proceeded on her way.

We may as well inform the reader at once of the secret which Nelly so mysteriously conveyed to the two young ladies, lest any unnecessary importance may seem to be attached to it. The words she spoke were only these,—

“I was dreamin’ that you, Miss Fanny, was married to Masther Herbert, and that you, Miss Julia, was married to Masther Harry here: there’s for ye now; *mind my words.*”

Miss Granville having now expressed her desire to proceed homewards, and refusing all solicitation on the part of her two companions to return to the Hall to spend the remainder of the evening with them, they all three passed on

in the direction of Ashgrove, crossing over the fields, and coming out on the mountain road. Miss Moore and her brother having parted with Miss Granville at the gate opening into the avenue leading to Ashgrove House returned to their own home.

They had not long returned when their father, mother, and aunt, accompanied by Joe Whitmore, arrived at the Hall. They all appeared to be in high spirits, for they talked loudly, and laughed heartily, and otherwise manifested a state of feeling most gratifyng to behold. Mr. Moore was in great glee, the case at Petty Sessions in which he took a very particular interest, inasmuch as it affected one of his tenantry, resulted most satisfactorily to him. Joe Whitmore was most hilarious, and made amazing attempts at being witty, especially with the view of attracting the regards of Mrs. Credan ; for he went so high in his flights of wit for the edification of that lady, as to assure her that he “regretted he had not been born at an earlier day in order that he might bask in her sunshine, and be blessed in her smiles—cracko !”

He roared, too, most immoderately,

doubling himself, as far as it was possible for him to perform that graceful attitude, in the redundancy of his glee. And, at length he flung himself upon a couch, in the exhaustion of his merriment, and found relief in a most impressive yawn and an exclamation of "cracko ! 'tis glorious !"

Mrs. Moore was at once important and condescending ; she smiled graciously upon her son, and affected the most tender solicitude for her daughter, declaring, in accents the most maternal and affecting, "how unhappy she had felt all day under the apprehension that her dear Fanny was lonely and miserable ; but then she had felt reassured, knowing, as she did, that her dear daughter was so homely and so sensible that she sought nothing but the pleasure of attending to the affairs of the household, and of making everything nice in anticipation of the return of her dear papa and mamma."

And then she kissed her daughter in the most imposing manner possible, and felt truly happy.

Mrs. Credan looked very serious, and, of course, very wise, for she understood human nature, and showed herself con-

scious of the deep knowledge by which she felt herself distinguished. She talked superbly of the vanities of the world, and the discretion that was requisite in dealing with them.

“When she was a young woman,” thus she went on, “she experienced some of those vanities, but then she was successful in defending herself against their evil effects. All that was required in such cases was self-distrust and reliance upon the advice of the experienced.”

She directed the flow of her wisdom particularly to Fanny, who hung attentive upon her accents, although an indifferent observer might detect a dissentient twinkle in the corners of Fanny’s eyes, as her magnificent aunt pursued her philosophic dissertation.

Harry looked on with an air of comical enjoyment. He was amused with the glee of his father over the success of the Petty Sessions case. Scorn and disgust were his predominant feelings in presence of the apish manifestations of Joe Whitmore; while the different displays of his father and mother produced in him a sensation of drollery and fun.

“Egad, Harry,” said Mr. Moore, addressing his son, “we gained a noble triumph over those scoundrels to-day; hadn’t it been for myself and Whitmore, who, by-the-bye, stuck to me like a brick, those infernal Mylers would have mulcted us. How Sir Michael enjoyed our triumph, to be sure! Ha! ha! ha! Why, hang it, Harry, the sheep didn’t eat an ounce of grass, for there wasn’t as much grass on the field as would feed a cockrobin. And besides, there was no trespass in point of law, and I showed that clearly; for unless the fences were of sufficient strength to resist the ordinary efforts of cattle to encroach, there could be no trespass; but hang it, in this case, there was no fence at all to a part of the field. But fence or no fence, I should not like those cursed Mylers to succeed in the case. You see, it’s not the amount of the damage, whatever it might be, that I’d care a straw about, for I would not allow a farthing to fall upon the shoulders of my tenant—it is the satisfaction those upstart scoundrels would feel in worsting me that I’d care about. Do you know what I told their attorney? I be hanged if I didn’t. ‘Tell

your client to go back to his shuttle, and redeem his losses.' Ha! ha! ha! By the great Cæsar, I told him so to his teeth. And how that young Myler paled under it; the father and son were present."

"I know," observed Harry, "they are low fellows; but I wonder that Whitmore didn't support their view of the case, for, in general, they appear to sail in the same boat."

"Bah!" exclaimed the father, punching Harry in the side with his clenched fist and lowering his voice, "are you so dull, boy? Don't you know when women are in the way, that fools and rogues alike can be led by the nose. Ha! ha! ha! Faith, I believe I could make Joe clean out my stable if he only thought it would incline this baggage of a daughter of mine to lend an ear to his absurd bladdering. Ha! ha! ha! Well, we must not discourage the rascal too much: fools, and even rogues—hang it, I believe he has a dash of both characters in him—are sometimes useful, however; though I should never like to use them, if I could help it at all. Come, Felicia, my dear," turning to his wife, "let dinner be ordered immediately;

we are as hungry as hawks. Eh, Joe, my bright fellow," directing himself to that worthy as he lay extended on the couch, "don't you think a cut of beef and a jorum of claret would not come amiss after a hard day's work, as you and I have had?"

"I believe you, Moore, cracko! there," was the exclamation of Joe, as he smacked his lips, and stroked the side of his head.

Aunt Credan had, meantime, engaged Fanny in a grave and impressive dissertation on the ways and manners of particular families whom she had visited that day, as well as on the weaknesses and follies of mankind in general. She did not at all approve of the sentimentalities of Sir Michael Carey's family.

"It will not do at all, my dear," she went on to say, "for people to be clinging to old-fashioned notions of family pride and such things. You must know, dear Fanny, that the present is an age of progress, and that we must all go with the times. That's what I say. It is all very well to be able to say that you are descended from an honourable stock, of course, no one can deny it; but then, you see, we must all accommodate ourselves to the progress of

things, and not be too particular about ancient lineage and the like. That's what I maintain. Mr. Whitmore is a rising man, that is, I mean, he holds a good property in the country, and his family will improve by connexion with those who are descended from a better race. So you see, 'tis a folly to be too particular in those matters. And he is a fine-looking man, and dresses well; and many a lady, of high descent too, would be glad to form an alliance with him. His manners may be a little rough, and his education not exactly all that would be desirable, but he is agreeable and his writing is very fine, I mean, of course, his penmanship; as for his diction, it cannot be very good in the absence of a proper education, but, on the whole, he is very passable."

Fanny felt highly amused during this running commentary on the qualifications of Joe; and at length burst out in a fit of laughter that ran throughout the room. But she checked herself after a moment, and placing her mouth close to the ear of her aunt, she whispered,—

"Don't you think, dear aunt, that he'd make a fortune on the stage?"

She then drew back, and looked into her aunt's face with an irresistible expression of comic humour.

Mrs. Credan pursed out her lips, and looked down at her toes in deep meditation, during which performance Fanny had escaped to another part of the room, and had taken hold of her brother's arm, with whom she appeared to be engaged in pleasant conversation.

By this time dinner had been announced, and all moved away towards the dining-room. It was a homely dinner, and passed off without any ceremony, the ladies retiring very shortly, and leaving the gentlemen to enjoy their claret. Harry, who did not feel any particular interest in the conversation of Joe Whitmore, soon followed the example of the ladies; and Mr. George Moore and Joe were left sole occupants of the dining-room. They drank and talked and laughed for the space of an hour or so, and then retired into the drawing-room, where they met only the two old ladies, who were engaged at some needlework. Harry had gone out to the stables, and Fanny had retired to her own room to pen an epistle to Herbert

Granville, in which she depicted the evening's scene, and drew a lively representation of Joe Whitmore.

After some time spent in the drawing-room, Joe became restless, and expressing his intention of withdrawing, he had his horse brought up to the hall-door. Then, wishing the ladies and Mr. Moore a good-night, he mounted and dashed down the avenue towards Castle Whitmore. Mr. Moore felt fatigued after the day, and so, having ordered some hot water and sugar with a decanter of whisky to his bedroom, he retired for the night. The two sisters, Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan, were thus left alone at their sewing in the drawing-room.

"The more I reflect upon it," Mrs. Moore went on to say in continuation of some previous remarks, "the more I am satisfied that it is the best plan we could adopt."

"No doubt at all of it, my dear Felicia," said Mrs. Credan, "because, by not forcing the subject directly upon her, we avoid creating any alarm in her mind, and thereby prevent any rash step that she might otherwise adopt. You know, my dear

sister, that patience is one of the finest virtues of the whole category. It checks every hasty passion; it keeps the mind calm; and gives full play to the reasoning faculties. I have heard the Rev. Dr. Markham descant beautifully upon it. Its the noblest by far of all the virtues; that is, as he said, in a philosophical point of view. Other virtues, to be sure, are 'loftier in their aspiration'—these were his words—'that is, they aim at higher and grander achievements, such as patriotism, benevolence, love; but for safe, practical action and results, patience stands alone.' Precisely in keeping with this idea is the French maxim to which the doctor referred, namely '*tout le monde appartient à qui sait attendre.*' Now, you see, if we brought this matter before Fanny as we had intended, and urged it upon her, she might not, it is true, offer any apparent resistance, but she would be made aware of our determination to unite her with Whitmore, and so would devise means, in conjunction, no doubt, with that young man Granville, to counteract our views. But now, allowing things to take a quiet course, as we have determined, she will

not be alarmed, and consequently will not take any steps to overthrow our plans."

"Well, I don't know, Fanny, what to think about it," observed Mrs. Moore, "it is a subject that puzzles me very much. You know my daughter is very giddy—quite heartless indeed, I would say—did you not see how indifferently she treated Mr. Whitmore this evening? Why, she was not commonly civil to him, not that alone; but she could not, or would not, restrain herself in his presence, but laughed and trifled in such a way as would offend any man. I am sure, if Mr. Whitmore was not so sensible and forbearing as he is, and no doubt so sincerely and tenderly attached to her, he could not have tolerated it. She really never condescended to speak two words to him—at least, as far as I could observe."

"Yes," said Mrs. Credan, "and when I spoke with her at the window recess on the subject, she laughed in my face. And, do you know, she did more than that? She actually whispered in my ear that 'he (Whitmore) would make a fortune on the stage.'"

“What did she mean by that observation?” asked Mrs. Moore.

“Why, my dear, you may be sure it was intended as anything but complimentary,” replied the other lady; “it was not that she intended to signify that he possessed wit to qualify him to become a star; oh no, you may be assured of that. What she evidently intended to convey was that he was such a stupid and silly fellow that he would afford amusement by his blunders and ridiculous behaviour; in short, that he would make an excellent *pantaloon* or *buffoon*. That’s what she meant, you may rely upon it.”

“I must say,” said Mrs. Moore, “that I cannot comprehend her conduct at all. She is certainly incorrigible. But the truth is, as long as that young man Herbert continues to live at Ashgrove, she cannot be brought to do anything rational. I hear, however, that it is very probable he’ll be leaving the country shortly. His uncle, the colonel, it is said, is desirous of having him live with him. He is rich, they say, having obtained a large landed property in Canada from the Government, for his services to the Crown, and having

besides purchased considerable property there in addition. He has never married, and is now an old man. It is thought that he'll adopt his nephew as heir to all his property. I am sure, if Herbert was in possession of this property I shouldn't object so much to his marrying Fanny; for in that case, he might sell the Canadian property and settle down in this country. To be sure, his family is ancient, and in every respect worthy of our alliance. He is an accomplished man himself, and possessed of amiable and attractive qualities. So that, he would, I have no doubt, make a very excellent husband. But then you see, my dear, after all, his becoming the heir of his uncle is a mere matter of speculation, and cannot be relied upon as a certainty. Of Mr. Whitmore's property there is no doubt; and it is so magnificent too; indeed, one of the oldest and largest properties in the country. It is true that the Whitmore's possession of the property is but of recent date, but what does that matter? After a generation or two their origin will be forgotten, and they will rank among the old families of the country. I

am sure I don't know what to think; at any rate, the plan you have proposed appears to be the best, for the present at least. Patience is a great virtue, no doubt, and after a little time, we shall see what turn things will take."

"Yes, my dear Felicia," said Mrs. Credan, "we shall see. I have a notion, however, that what you say about Herbert's leaving the country, would not have any very material effect either upon him or Fanny, as far as their attachment is concerned; that is, supposing they do love each other, as I strongly suspect they do. Love is not a thing so easily rooted out; when once it takes possession of the heart, there it remains, and lives on for ever and ever. So, at least, I think. Not that I can say that I have had any experience of its power, myself. I might though, had not accident interfered and prevented the growth of a feeling which I had once experienced, and which, if matured, might perhaps have terminated in that passion. However, it doesn't serve any purpose to recall those feelings now."

"Do you refer to the time when we had returned from school, and to the unfortunate accident that happened to—"

“Yes, yes,” interrupted Mrs. Credan, “let us not talk about it now. It is too painful. I never recall it that it doesn’t bring a pang to my heart.”

The two ladies remained silent for a time; passing in mental review, no doubt, some of the events connected with their earlier years, when their young hearts had commenced to drink in those raptures which lie scattered about in the pathway of dreamy youth, when to live was to love; and when hope flung her brilliants around on every side, enchanting the imagination, and converting life into a paradise of exhaustless delight.

At length, awaking from her reverie, Mrs. Credan observed,—

“Felicia, it has struck me, since my coming here, that there is something more than common in the relation between Harry and Miss Granville. Have you noticed anything of the kind? I do not think that I am likely to be deceived in those things, and I certainly must be greatly mistaken if there exists not more than ordinary friendship between these young people.”

“Oh, nonsense, Fanny,” was the reply, “what could there be between them? You

know, my dear, that Miss Granville is penniless. In fact, the family are all but starving since they lost their property. To be sure, Lord Fairborough has left them Ashgrove House, and the small demesne around it; and, indeed, he is otherwise very kind to them; but what is all that for a family who have been brought up as they have. They cannot afford even keeping more than one or two servants; and as for Julia, she has to do a good deal of the work of the house; indeed, I may say, she has the whole care of the family upon her shoulders, for Mrs. Granville, poor woman, has become wholly incapable of attending to anything. I really pity her; it was a fearful blow to her—the loss of her husband and property at the same time. She has felt it so much, too, dear creature. I shouldn't be surprised, indeed, if she had lost all her faculties. I don't know what would have become of me if I had met with such calamity. It is sad, very sad indeed. But Harry to marry Julia Granville! bless your heart, impossible. I grant you, Harry is very thoughtless, he makes too much freedom with people that he should treat only with

becoming coolness. However, you may rest assured that he has no intention of marrying a pauper."

"I am not so sure of that," said Mrs. Credan; "Miss Granville is, doubtless, a very beautiful and accomplished girl; and there would be nothing at all surprising in Harry's conceiving an attachment for her. I only wish that she had a fortune; as I do not know of any young person whom I should so much like to see united in marriage with Harry as Miss Granville. Her disposition is so gentle and kind, and her mind so richly furnished with varied knowledge, that it appears to me you could not find her equal in the country. And what man would not be happy with such a person? To be sure, her want of fortune is a serious impediment; but, perhaps her old uncle, the colonel, would give her a dowry; or her maternal uncle, who is now living with the family, and who is possessed of some considerable income, perhaps he would do something for her."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Moore; "Ben Brown's income is very small, but whatever it may be, he is a man likely to live

very many years yet; and after his death, there are others on his own side that he would be more likely to leave his property to, than to any of the Granvilles. With regard to the colonel, I should like dearly to know what his property might be worth. They say he is very rich, but then people should not act on mere hearsay; 'tis a foolish thing to do. I should always desire to be acquainted with the exact circumstances of people before forming any matrimonial connexion with them. That is a wise precaution, you know, and one is never deceived in acting upon it."

"Of course it is," observed the other lady, "but what I speak of is one thing, and what you say, is another. You must know, my dear sister, that *love* is one thing, fortune another. However, we have talked enough on this subject for one evening. It is time to retire. I am getting somewhat sleepy."

Both ladies rose together and left the room.

CHAPTER XII.

A FRIENDLY CALL—IRISH POLITICS.

ON the morning of the day whose events we have been relating, the Rev. Dr. Markham was making a few "friendly calls," as he said himself. And in the course of this laudable peripatetic occupation, he rode up to Brookfield Hall to pay his respects to the family there. But he found no one at home, save the fat butler and another servant or two, with whom he chatted for a while, as was his wont, in a kindly strain of benevolent familiarity. Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Credan, as the reader knows, had gone out to pay a few visits; Mr. Moore, had gone to the Sessions Court; and Fanny was away among the glens, with her "own darling Herbert." Harry was absent too, for he had gone to Ashgrove in the hope of getting Herbert to join him in

his intended angling excursion, but being disappointed in that, he had changed his mind, and taken a pleasant ramble with Julia Granville through the fields and lanes, amid the lovely sunshine and the odour of shrubs and flowers. The doctor, therefore, finding Brookfield Hall empty of its family occupants, turned his horse's head in the direction of Ashgrove, to pay a visit to "poor dear Mrs. Granville," as he muttered to himself; and to Julia, and Herbert, and old Ben Brown.

Here, too, he found all absent, with the exception of Mrs. Granville, who was busy in arranging some articles of household necessity in the Hall, and who was delighted to see her "dear Dr. Markham." She told him that Herbert and Julia had gone out some short time ago, she did not know where; and that Ben was with the workmen in the cornfields. She laid aside her work immediately, and conducted her friend into the drawing-room, where they sat for a brief space, and then rose and went out into the garden. The entrance, or at least one of the entrances to this garden, which was devoted chiefly to fruit and flowers, was from the drawing-room

by a small glass door which rested on a step above the drawing-room floor. They stepped out here, and passing into one of the walks they went on amid flowers of various dyes and odours, and beneath the shade of fruit-trees, until they arrived at a summer-house situated at a point of the garden opposite to the door by which they had entered it. This retreat was most convenient in its situation, as it was most beautiful in its structure. It commanded a rather extensive view of the fields and hills to the west of the mansion and garden; and it was so constructed that its occupants might be concealed from view within its recesses, or might, if the fancy seized them, exhibit themselves to the observation of any person passing outside to a considerable distance from the garden. It had two floors; one on a level with the garden, and the other three or four feet above it, and within two or three feet of the top of the white-thorn hedge which separated it at the back from the fields outside. It was a delightful retreat, composed principally of laurel, bay, and arbutus trees, interwoven so as to form walls almost impenetrable to the light, while a

circle of balsam-trees stood around, and flung their thick shade on the latticed roof above. Through the interstices of the walls and roof roses, and hollyhocks, and laburnums, and other flowers of varied hue and delicious odour peeped in and breathed their fragrance around. On the lower bench, surrounding the ground floor, the lady and gentleman took their seats. The view in front, that is, in the direction of the drawing-room, was bright and beautiful. The sunbeams, passing through the apple and plum-trees, danced in lines and circles upon the wide and white-sanded walks. The box-trees, cut and shaped into various fantastic forms, relieved by their sombre shades the blinding radiance of the sun. The fragrance wafted through the light, fitful air, from fruit and flower was sweet and pleasant to the sense, though somewhat suggestive of languor and dreaminess. Inside and outside no sound was heard, save the drowsy buzz of fragile insects or the light flutter of little birds dreaming in the boughs. It was a scene of peace and contentment. And the heart that was at ease might revel in a luxury of happiness there. But were these two, this

lady and this gentleman, who alone of human kind, sat within this scene of peace, and loveliness, and beauty—were they happy? Alas! alas! they were not indeed. And yet, perhaps, after all, they experienced as much of human felicity at that moment as generally falls to the lot of mankind. Mrs. Granville, in one sense, was happy; she felt a deep, internal consciousness of purity of thought and holiness of will, which, we know, constitute the two chief elements of happiness. She thought no ill, she wished no ill. But more, she possessed that quality or virtue without which even those two elements avail not to real happiness; she possessed a lively conception of the attributes and decrees of her divine Creator, and of the love and duty which she owed Him. And yet she was not happy. What then was wanting to the complete composition of that thing, or that idea or that feeling called happiness? Ask herself, and she will answer that she fretted for her dear children—for their future lot in the world. She fretted not for herself; on that score she was indifferent, but her children—oh, her dear children! And this alone, according to

her own confession, disturbed and darkened the feelings of her heart, and shut out true happiness. Thus she was not happy, so she thought. But, after all, she enjoyed that ideal good in as great a degree, we venture to say, as it is possible for a son or daughter of humanity to enjoy it. There is no such thing as perfect happiness in this sphere below. That belongs alone to that realm of bliss and light, where God sits in the centre of His own Being, and where nothing of humanity in its worldly essence is permitted to enter. Yes, we venture to say that Mrs. Granville, at that moment when she sat within her garden bower conversing with her friend and spiritual director, felt as much of happiness as it is possible for any human being to experience. She felt conscious of all her relations to her Maker, as well as of her desire and actual efforts to correspond to those relations; and in this, if in anything, true happiness consists in this world. And it was in this strain and upon this topic that she now held converse with her companion.

Dr. Markham expressed the sentiments we have written, and he went on to enforce

them in his own gracious, and simple, and kindly manner. He was a worthy man and a distinguished divine. In foreign lands he had sought and acquired that knowledge and that varied learning which he was now employing for the spiritual and social improvement of the flock to whose charge he had been appointed. He had been the Catholic rector of the parish of Ballydine for many years, and all those years had been employed by him in dispensing amongst his congregation, and indeed amongst all those of whatever denomination who came within the sphere of his influence, the knowledge and learning with which his mind was so richly stored. He loved his flock, and was unremitting in his varied services to them. He loved his Protestant neighbours, and was equally ready to afford to them all the services that they required at his hands. He interfered not with their special mode of serving God; he did not deem *that* any part of his duty. But on all occasions when any of them sought his advice or his good offices in any matter affecting their personal, or social, or political interests, he manifested his readiness to assist them, according to

his knowledge and his wisdom. We have said that he loved his flock and loved his neighbours of every denomination ; he, too, was beloved in turn by them. The Protestant gentry all around held him in high and affectionate admiration. They visited him ; they invited him to their houses ; they consulted him on all matters affecting the well-being of the country generally : and, in particular, with respect to the affairs of the parish and of the county in which they resided. And amongst the most cordial and ardent of his friends and admirers was the Rev. Mr. Grigger, the Protestant rector of Ballydine. With him he was in constant intercourse, and no matter what event, either of a local or national character, which happened to turn up, the two pastors were ever sure to canvass it, and to unite their efforts in dealing with it according as it bore upon the public peace and welfare, or otherwise. Legal and constitutional assemblies for purposes useful or beneficial to the public interests, they always supported ; but secret or disorderly organizations for objects of any kind, they entirely set their faces against.

Such, then, was the character and disposition of the Rev. Dr. Markham. In his person, too, Nature was kind to him, for though of stature scarcely up to the middle size, yet in features and corporeal symmetry he was of remarkable beauty and grace. His eyes were brilliant, yet flowing with benevolence; his forehead lofty, full, and curved; his cheeks, more round than oval, were smooth and delicate in colour as a peach: his nose was straight, having, however, the slightest inclination to that bend popularly designated the *Roman*. His mouth, which was well cut, had a little prominence about the lips, which seemed to give a richness to his accents; and over his whole face there spread a light, soft and beautiful, which gave an additional attraction to his presence. His shoulders were slightly rounded, very slightly; and his limbs were well proportioned and graceful in outline. When walking, he seemed to spring rather than step, but with an easy grace; and in conversation his head was bent forward a little, as if anxious to be clearly understood. His words, which were well-chosen, and yet simple, seemed to flow from his lips in a

smooth, easy current, and when enforcing any point in his discourse, he nodded his head with a sort of short jerk. As he sat with Mrs. Granville in the summer-house, he was pointing out to her the propriety of dismissing from her mind those uneasy and disturbing thoughts which she had mentioned as sometimes agitating her.

“You must understand, my dear Mrs. Granville,” he went on to say, “that feelings such as you speak of are inseparable from our condition here; but every effort should be used to dismiss them. They can serve no useful purpose at all; indeed, on the contrary, they are calculated to weary the mind and to unfit it in a great measure for the performance of those duties, which we are, all of us, in our respective spheres, called upon to discharge. Your calamities have, no doubt, been considerable, but I think their effects will not darken, as you say, the future prospects of your children. I have the greatest confidence in the good sense and ability of Herbert. I ought to be a judge, you know, of his character, as he has been brought up principally under my tuition and care. Well then, I am impressed with

full confidence in him, and cannot doubt in the least degree that his career will be distinguished with honourable success. There is not a particle of meanness in his whole composition. He is a young man who will never stoop to low intrigue to attain any object, or turn aside from the path of integrity and honour, from any motive whatever. His talents, besides, are of the first order; indeed they are such as qualify him for the very highest position in the land. And you are aware, my dear madam, that the Earl of Fairborough takes a very deep interest in him, and is most anxious to forward his views in any way that he may deem most desirable himself. In fact, the Earl himself has more than once told me so; and you know there is no man who is more faithful to his expressed intentions or promises. On that head, therefore, you may rest quite easy. Entertain no doubt as to Herbert's welfare. Then as to your daughter: I have no apprehension that her destiny will be anything but prosperous. She is, like her brother, possessed of fine and amiable qualities, and has received a most accomplished education. Do you know that I

have frequently admired her good sense ; that quality by which she estimates the circumstances that surround her, and acts as if she had been born in a position demanding personal exertion, and the economy of time and means. This is a leading characteristic in her mental composition ; and, depend upon it, it is one which augurs well for her future. I have rarely, if ever, met one so young who was gifted with such a fund of good sense as Julia. And this high quality, for it is a very high quality, and one without which all other qualities are as shadows—this quality, I say, combined with her superior education, cannot fail to render her future life prosperous and happy. The other child is young yet, and I need not refer to him. But looking at the whole matter, viewing the present prospects of your family in the way that I have—and it is the rational way of viewing them, as I think—there need be no apprehension in your mind with regard to your children.”

“Indeed, doctor,” said Mrs. Granville, her head stooped, and a slight tremor in her voice, “I feel not a little confidence in my children, and it gives me a great deal

of comfort to hear you speak of them in the way you have done. But yet, you must allow for a mother's anxiety and tenderness. I may be wrong, and I suppose I am, in allowing myself to indulge in so much fretfulness about them; but since the death of their dear father—my poor George—I have felt a great responsibility pressing upon me. It is a hard thing to lose one whom we love, and whose voice we have been accustomed to hear for long years—oh, long and happy years! Yes, they were happy years, though my poor husband did not guard himself, as he should, against designing men, who aimed at his ruin and the ruin of his family. How often have I told him, as we talked of an evening about our circumstances, and the future prospects of our children, that he was exposing himself to be deceived by some of those people who were ever running after him for favours of one kind or another. But of all those who haunted him, that agent of Lord Milford, Bartley Croker, always appeared most odious to my eyes. I never could bear his looks. There was something so repulsive, almost hideous, in them. I often trembled when

I saw him approach the door. The gliding gait of him, the insidious glance, and the slimy tone of his voice ; it was all shocking to me. And he employed such an insinuating familiarity with the whole family, one was led to believe that he was incapable of perpetrating any wrong. He would pat the children, take them in his arms, and call them by the most endearing names—oh, the serpent ! And he would speak to me in such a way, applauding my wisdom and prudence, flattering my person, and exhibiting raptures of admiration at the excellent management of my household. Then he would talk of my husband's great sense, and deep penetration, of his high and honourable spirit, of his liberality, patriotism, generosity, and so on—oh, the dreadful viper ! And all this time he was deceiving my husband, plunging him into difficulties from which it was impossible for him to recover himself, and plotting the ruin of us all—oh, the awful hypocrite ; the low, base villain. But I always avoid the mention of his name, as much as I can, for I do not wish my children to be acquainted with the hideousness of his villainy.”

“His life,” interrupted Dr. Markham, “is not to be envied, I can assure you. I have reason to believe that his family are a curse to him, and that his house is more like a pandemonium than the abode of Christian people. His wife, and eldest son are devoted to the habit of intoxication ; and when I say that, I have said everything that is calculated to exhibit the foulest picture of depravity and misery which it is, perhaps, possible for the imagination to represent. Their life, in fact, has become a scandal, and a bye-word in the parish of Gurtroo, as well as in the neighbouring parishes. He is a bad man ; but his acts of deceit and villainy will hang around him, like scorpions, and render his life wretched and miserable. No one should envy such a man. He passes through life in the garb of death. The sun’s light cannot cheer him ; the sweetness of peace is unknown to him, the sound of his own voice is a testimony against him ; and it reminds him of the deceptions he has practised in order to compass his evil ends. He is not to be envied, my dear Madam ; he is not to be envied. His name is un-

worthy to be pronounced by honest lips. Leave him to the tortures of his own conscience, seared even as it is. Your lot, madam—the lot of any one of those whom he has cajoled—cajoled and injured—is to be envied in comparison with his. The evil-doer knows no peace. His ways are the ways of sorrow and of death. Very true, he has brought sorrow to others, he has wrung the hearts of the innocent and the virtuous, and their wrongs and sufferings cannot be relieved by reflection upon his self-created misery; but yet the sufferings of the good and the just are but as a vapour compared with the agonizing tortures of the deceitful and the wicked. My dear madam, if people only reflected on the consequences, the inevitable consequences of their vices and bad acts—of their malice, jealousy, envy, deceit, their slander, detraction, calumny, their cheating, swindling, overreaching, plunder—if they reflected upon all the consequences that flow from these criminal practices, not only to others, but to themselves—I say, to *themselves*—they would perish rather than be guilty of them. Because the ultimate tendency of them is to harden the

heart, and bring reprobation on the soul. When the soul becomes once, as it were, clad in the dark robes of crime—wilful, deliberate crime—when the heart becomes thus robed, its principle of virtue becomes extinct, and the whole soul is transferred to the dominion of Satan. I have known this wretched attorney long, I have known his hypocrisy, for he once assumed superior sanctity, and still he exhibits himself as a Christian of no little pretensions; so it is with such villains, at all times—I have watched him closely—but I never entertained a doubt of his innate badness, his studied rascality. But, my dear Mrs. Granville, is it not wonderful how easily good, and virtuous, and honourable people are taken in and deceived by low and cunning villains of this kind? I have observed the same thing everywhere. I have seen some remarkable instances of it on the continent; and then the results are frequently most deplorable, for I have known more than one case in which the wretched hypocrite and villain has been shot dead by the person, or some friend of his, whom he had deceived and injured. It would, indeed, appear to be a just

retribution. Still, punishment should be left with God, in cases like these where the public law cannot reach. I have often thought, what a pity it is that the public law does not meet crimes of this kind. It provides punishment for the crime of stealing a shilling, or a shilling's worth; but it leaves the crime of robbing a man of hundreds and thousands of pounds, nay of robbing him of all means, present and prospective, of supporting himself, or of securing an independence—it leaves that crime untouched because it was committed through cunning, deception, and lying. It makes a distinction, not between the crimes themselves, but between the instruments whereby the crimes are committed. In one case, the hand is the instrument, in the other, the tongue; but while the man is punished for the comparatively small crime committed by his hand, he is allowed to go scot-free for the vastly greater and more ruinous crime committed by his tongue. My dear madam, this state of things ought to be remedied. However, I would counsel you not to revert to this bad man's conduct any more. We must withdraw our attention from

those things and persons that cannot be remedied or reformed."

While the doctor was thus proceeding in his strictures upon Bartley Croker, the attorney and agent, he rose from time to time, made one or two steps forward, plucked a flower, smelt it, and resumed his seat again, without, at the same time, checking in the least the flow of his observations. Mrs. Granville listened with grave attention, one hand laid over the other, and both resting on her knee, the whole time. Sometimes she would raise her eyes to heaven, and sigh deeply. But when he had concluded, she said,—

"Indeed, I have often, upon my knees, prayed to God to soften the unfortunate man's heart, and to grant him the grace of repentance. It is awful to think how men can act so, while they believe that there is a God in heaven above them, to whom they have to render an account of their actions in this world; but my poor dear husband was too noble-minded to be able to descend to the level of such vile conduct on the part of those he had to deal with, and to counteract their low and treacherous villainy. However, we must overlook all

this conduct now, and beg of God to enable us to bear the trials and afflictions it has brought upon us."

"That is the duty of us all," observed the doctor, "to forgive our enemies, as we hope for forgiveness from our heavenly Father. We are all sinners in some degree, and we need forgiveness. And He who 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb' will not overlook the necessities and requirements of those who strive to labour in His service, and abide by His law. His high will be done. But, my dear Mrs. Granville, I have again to beg of you not to refer to those transactions connected with the loss of your husband's property, and especially to the part which that wretched man, Croker, has played in them, before your children. It can now serve no good purpose to recall those things; on the contrary, it would only be disturbing the minds of your children, and creating ill-feeling in their young hearts. This must be avoided. Better things will yet come to pass, please God. By-the-bye, I had intended to ask you, if you have lately heard from your brother, the colonel, and whether he is still anxious for Herbert to

join him. I ask you this because the Earl of Fairborough was talking with me the other day on this subject, and he seemed to think that it might be of service to Herbert to comply with the wishes of his uncle, provided that an appointment might be obtained for him, at the same time, in Canada. I know the Earl will use his influence with the Colonial Office for this purpose. It would be well if Herbert were near his uncle, at any rate ; for, I have no doubt that if he knew him it would draw tighter the bonds of affection between them. Herbert must have been very young when the Colonel went out to Canada ; so that they could have had but very little knowledge of each other. I am confident that Herbert would stand well in the estimation of his uncle, if they were together and knew each other well."

"We have heard from him lately," replied Mrs. Granville, "and he is still urgent in his desire to have Herbert with him. I am sure I would be very desirous, for Herbert's own sake, that he went to his uncle ; but I really believe that his hesitation in doing so proceeds from his unwillingness to leave me and his sister.

Poor Herbert is very affectionate, and he fears that if he left us we should feel unhappy. I do not wish to press him either; for, really, doctor, I must confess to the weakness of wishing him to remain with us; not, of course, that I say so to him, lest it might interfere with his prospects in life. It is, you will acknowledge, a hard task to compel oneself to forego the pleasure of having him here, among those who love him, and whom he, dear boy, loves so much. But God's will be done. If it is to be so, if he must leave us, we must only endeavour to reconcile ourselves to the will of the Almighty, who can bring blessings out of sorrows. I am aware of Lord Fairborough's kind wishes in his regard; and indeed, we can never feel too grateful to his lordship, and to Lady Fairborough for their goodness to us under all our afflictions. When others were indifferent, they were kind and thoughtful towards us, so that we can never lose the memory of their benevolence and goodness. I know poor Julia would feel very, very much the departure of Herbert, they are so much attached to each other. And she is so quiet and gentle,

and so retiring in her manners and habits, that any separation of the family would affect her deeply, and God only knows how it might affect her health and spirits to be obliged to part from her dear brother."

While Mrs. Granville was speaking in this strain, she, every now and then, pressed her handkerchief to her eyes, and paused to recall the train of her ideas. Doctor Markham evidently felt deep sympathy with her, for while she spoke he kept stroking his chin, occasionally slipping his hand towards his eyes, and pressing his fingers hard upon his cheeks. At length he arose, and said,—

"Well, well, my dear Mrs. Granville, we shall say no more at present on this subject, but I trust you will display a becoming fortitude under any trials that it may please the all-wise Dispenser of human affairs to send you. Indeed, I do not apprehend any great trials for you; you have suffered much, it is true; but the arm of our good and gracious Father, who sees and knows what is best for us all, is able to redeem by timely compensation, the sufferings of His children.—Oh, my dear Julia, how do you do?"

He stepped briskly forward to meet Miss Granville who appeared to have just entered the garden from the drawing-room, and to be advancing through one of the walks towards the place where she heard the voice proceeding. When Dr. Markham was addressing the last observations we have recorded to Mrs. Granville, he and she were passing through the walk which ran in the direction of the drawing-room, for they had left the summer-house as he commenced those observations. He, therefore, saluted Julia, when he had reached a point about twenty yards from the summer-house.

Julia, whose head was inclined towards the ground, did not seem to have regarded the words addressed to her, but passed on by a short side-walk, evading, as it seemed, a meeting with her mother and the doctor. The doctor stood and looked after her retreating figure, but spoke not.

“Where is Julia?” asked Mrs. Granville.

The doctor still remained silent, but fixed in observation of the retiring figure. At length he said,—

“She has entered the summer-house;

let us go back and see what is the matter."

They both retraced their steps, Mrs. Granville observing that she had not caught sight of Julia, and expressing her surprise that she should pass on so, without speaking with them. When they entered the summer-house they saw no one there.

"Where can she have gone?" asked the doctor.

"I really cannot say," was the reply, "have you seen her—are you sure?"

"I certainly saw her," he said, "I couldn't have been mistaken. But if it wasn't she, who was it? and where is the person gone?"

"There is no way of passing out of the garden," observed Mrs. Granville, "except by the drawing-room, or by the large gate at the lower end, which is always kept locked and barred, except when the gardener is at work, and requires the place to be open. He keeps the key."

"Let us go down to the gate," said the doctor. And they went down; but the gate was locked and bolted; and there was no one anywhere about.

"It is remarkably strange," observed

the doctor, as they retraced their steps towards the summer-house. "I could have sworn that it was Julia: perhaps, she is playing us a prank: let us look along the bowers, and examine the recesses. But what could she mean by trying to puzzle us?"

"Upon my honour, doctor, I do not know what it means," replied his companion, "I haven't seen her; and it strikes me as remarkable that I should not have seen her at the same time with yourself, for we walked side by side, and the view was as open to me as to you. I raised up my eyes the moment you addressed her, and couldn't see her. How is it?"

The doctor could not tell how it was. He looked at it in every point of view:—was it second sight? He felt puzzled. He examined it by the light of reason: he placed it at the touchstone of science: he measured it by the law of revelation; and he studied it as a problem of second sight: but he could make nothing of it. He did not desire, either, to make anything of it. For, in truth, it presented a difficulty which neither philosophy nor theology cared to deal with. One thing only was certain in the doctor's mind, and that was that he

saw her—that he saw Julia Granville coming towards him in the garden; and that after he had addressed her he saw her turning off into a side-walk; and that after he had looked at her retreating figure, he saw her enter the summer-house. He was sure of all that; but he understood nothing else.

“Dear me,” observed Mrs. Granville, as they had retired to the drawing-room, “I hope in God that nothing is going to happen to Julia. It is so remarkable. I remember my dear mother telling how she saw her aunt on the lawn one fine summer’s evening, when, at the same moment, she was fifty miles away. We were all puzzling ourselves about it that evening, and often afterwards, but never could find a solution of the mystery. My poor father laughed very heartily at the whole story, and said it was mere phantasy. But I don’t know. It may be phantasy: or it may be something else; I can’t tell. I am sure you should know, doctor.”

“Oh, I am satisfied now, that it was a mere optical delusion. She wasn’t there, that’s certain. Then, that being the case, there is no other way of accounting for it,

than that it was a mere freak of the optical sense. The senses do, sometimes, play us tricks of this kind. There is the sense of hearing, for instance; how often do we imagine that we hear sounds and voices, and even fancy ourselves spoken to, when, in reality, there was nothing of sound or voice;—'twas all a cheat. Well, so it is with the other senses. We sometimes start, as if a hand had been laid upon us; but there was nothing: it was fancy merely. Often in eating we taste aloes; but there was no aloe in the food. The sense of smelling is liable to a similar deception. In short, we are carried away very frequently in the whirl and confusion of the imagination, and become almost as children, scarcely able to account for ourselves."

"And yet," observed Mrs. Granville, "there may be something in it, after all. May not God, our Father, who has always a care of our interests, send us those visions, or appearances, or whatever we may call them, for some purposes only known to Himself, but ultimately for our benefit?"

"Well, that is quite possible," replied the doctor; "but we must remember that

our heavenly Father never does anything in vain. We should therefore ask ourselves what object could He have in sending us those delusive visions? what purposes could they serve? He has established universal laws for our guidance, and the guidance of the world: these laws must be observed; their violation creates disorder and confusion: and the appearances and effects resulting from such violation are sometimes, and must be necessarily, strange and incomprehensible. I speak now particularly of the human body and the human mind. The smallest irregularity in the functions of both, or either, produces results opposite to those which appertain to their normal condition. Hence we fancy a thousand existences, a thousand states of being, which of themselves do not exist, but are the result of the irregularity I have spoken of."

"But has not God sent visions in former times?" said Mrs. Granville, still adhering to her own views; "has He not sent an angelic messenger to Abraham, for instance? How do you account for that?"

"Oh, that is quite a different thing," replied the doctor; "under the old dis-

pensation the world was governed by the immediate power of God : He acted directly on human affairs, as regarded the administration of His kingdom. That was the law of His Church then, if I may so speak ; but now, under the new dispensation, He has altered that system, and governs mediately, through His law, established upon earth by Himself in person. That makes the difference. I do not at all desire to infer that God does not sometimes operate directly and immediately upon His Church and the affairs of His universe : for this is so ; and must be so : it cannot be otherwise. But that is a different thing from those manifestations or phantasies, of which we are speaking. God acts wisely, consistently, and benevolently in all things : and never does anything without a wise and benevolent end : this we must never forget. He never deceives, never mocks, never misleads, how can we suppose then that He would cast those shadows or visions upon us merely to misdirect and confound us. Oh, no, no ; that is impossible.”

“ Yes, that is very true, but—”

Mrs. Granville was about to urge her

views further; but the doctor, taking his watch from his pocket, and glancing at it, observed that he had overstayed his time; and wishing her a cordial good-bye, left the drawing-room. His horse was led up to the hall-door; he got into the saddle, and he rode away.

Having passed out at the lodge-gate opening into the winding avenue which led up between embowering oaks and elms to the mansion, he proceeded on his way towards the Cross of Ballydine. As he approached the Cross he saw, coming in a contrary direction up the road leading from Corrigcastle, the Rev. Mr. Grigger, on horseback. They met at the Cross; for the latter rev. gentleman seeing his friend approach, and having arrived at the Cross before him, drew up, and waited his arrival. Having exchanged most cordial greetings, they wheeled round together, and directed their horse's heads along the road opposite to that leading to Glen Corril, and in the direction of which lay the residence of the Rev. Dr. Markham.

The Rev. Mr. Grigger looked bright and cheerful. He was a man of a rather imposing physique: above the middle

height, bluff and rotund. He was somewhat inclined towards corpulency, but yet, free and active in his movements. He sat his horse well and jauntily; and looked altogether as if capable of enduring considerable fatigue. His face was round, plump, and jolly; and lighted by a pair of blue merry eyes. He was an alumnus of the Dublin University, and could chop logic as well as any man of his profession. But, as we have already stated, in referring to his name, he was not a bigot; far from it, he had too much good sense, and, let us say, too much Christian feeling for that. He was as to discussion about religious principles and doctrines, a man who could give and take; and not permit himself to go into any violent paroxysms whichever way the scales turned. In one word he was a Christian and a gentleman. But the truth is, he never cared about set fights on religion, and he always avoided them. He condemned them in others, and what he condemned in others he never practised himself.

As the two friends went quietly along, just keeping their horses at a lively walking pace, and enjoying the soft smiling scene

and fragrant atmosphere, they added variety to their enjoyment by descanting, in a cursory way, on such topics of interest, present and past, as rose to their minds, or were suggested by a casual remark.

“I have seen the great meeting,” observed the Rev. Mr. Grigger, “as I was passing out by the Fair Green, at Corrigcastle. It was a large affair; and O’Connel appeared in all his glory.”

“Ah, indeed,” said the Rev. Dr. Markham; “I had quite forgotten that a meeting was to take place there to-day. It was, as I have understood, for the purpose of petitioning for a repeal of the Union.”

“Yes, so I understood,” said the rector; it was quite orderly, though of immense dimensions. As I passed by the platform, I drew up; and had an opportunity of hearing O’Connel; that is, after another gentleman had spoken before him. He was very strong in his language, and very eloquent; and occasionally threw a great deal of humour into his observations. He is a wonderful man:—he plays so effectively upon his audience—he had them laughing, weeping, swearing, roaring. I verily believe that he could make them do any-

thing he liked. He dwelt very much upon the Virgilian sentiment,—

‘*Sic vos non vobis vellera fertis oves.*’”

“Not in the language of the poet, I hope,” said the doctor, laughing.

“Oh, no, no,” said the rector; “he wisely adopted the vernacular. He has been educated chiefly on the continent—at St.Omers, I hear.”

“Yes, at St. Omers,” reiterated the doctor; “and he is a man of high attainments. I do not speak with regard to his profession, in which he stands very high; but as an educated man generally. He studied at your Alma Mater, too.”

“What? Trinity?”

“Yes: but your liberality was such that he had no hope of a degree there. So, like many others, he was obliged to leave his own country, and seek in another land a recognition of his literary acquirements. What a blot it is on the utility of the Dublin University that it should exclude genius from its honours unless recommended by a particular stamp of Christian profession. I wonder how long shall Ireland remain in the crucible of an insane

exclusion from the privileges and immunities of a civilized people."

"I must say," was the rejoinder, "that I cannot reflect upon this, or indeed upon any other of those distinctions which mark the character of our British policy, without a feeling of shame and regret. It is to my mind altogether indefensible, that a young man of literary talent and unimpeachable character should be debarred of those privileges and distinctions which are conferred upon others of similar worth, on the sole ground of his religious principles, especially when those are Christian principles. A heathen, or a Jew might, perhaps, with some show of reason, be so excluded—though I am not sure of that either;—but a Christian!—oh it is too bad. I say, I am not sure that even a heathen or a Jew could be, with any show of reason, denied a degree on the ground of their particular form of religion. If they were denied education altogether, I could understand what was meant; but to be educated, and then refused an acknowledgment of the fact—for that is the meaning of a degree in the primary sense—is a thing so monstrously absurd and in-

consistent, and so destitute of common sense, that I cannot conceive why it should ever have been adopted."

"Very true, very true," observed the doctor; "and then there is the State Church—ha! ha! I fear I am treading on forbidden ground: but you will not refuse admitting that it is most unjust to compel by law one body of Christians to support the establishment of another. There is not a shadow of justice in it; and as for the policy of it, I must confess, it passes my comprehension. The policy would be directly the other way—that is, to allow each denomination to support its own particular establishment would be a wise policy, since in that case, the State would be exempt from the unnecessary burthen of paying for the support of any establishment; and religion itself would be relieved from the opprobrium of being dependent upon State support. A religion that is not self-sustaining, when free and untrammelled, as all religion ought to be, can scarcely be regarded as worthy of the name. If the State interfered at all in this matter, it should be with equal consideration towards all Christian churches. But, in the

present case, where our religion is made a scape-goat for all others, the professors of that religion cannot be loyal to the State. Impossible."

"Well, now, doctor," said the rector; "you have briefly stated the views I entertain upon that subject. In fact, the continuance of this tax—and a most oppressive tax it is—upon your people for the support of the Establishment, is simply a remnant of the original policy of extermination; I mean, the extermination of your church in these countries. At first, it might be justifiable—that is, with those who deemed Romanism a dangerous Creed—to supplant that Creed, and establish the reformed religion upon its ruins; but, now, and indeed for more than a century past, when it has been made evident that such an attempt, even if it were wise, is impracticable, the continuance of any portion of this exterminating policy is worse than absurd. It is absolutely injurious to the stability of the empire, and detrimental to the spirit of religion itself. I must say, in whatever point of view I regard the past of Ireland, it presents to my mind a very, very sad picture. And, after all, the Irish people

themselves are more to blame than their English masters. There has been some fatuity over them from the very commencement; at least as far as we can see into their history. I, as an Irishman, would feel proud of her prosperity and her fame; but I must declare that when I look back at her, and mark her political and social irregularities, her follies, and her crimes; and when I look around me, at her present mode of conducting her public concerns, I feel ashamed that I am an Irishman."

Here the rev. gentleman checked the bridle, and struck his spurs into the flanks of his horse; which caused the animal to spring forward, and then, being checked, to curvet towards the roadside.

"Ireland's history," began the doctor, "is doubtless a sad one;—replete with error and suffering. When you come to think of the past of Ireland, of the dissensions, hatreds, animosities, rivalries, and bloodshed of which that past is made up, you would be disposed to say that Heaven in its anger has poured out its vial of wrath upon the unhappy land. Not alone in heathen times was it distinguished by

its senseless follies and reckless crimes, for then it might seek palliation in a comparison of crime with other portions of the world; but since the introduction of Christianity within its borders it has not abandoned its self-destructive propensities and insane conduct. Indeed, in the first ages of its Christian life it raved and raged as fiercely as if the clouds of heathenism had never been touched by the rays of a loftier, a purer worship. Look at our kings, princes, and nobles—how they lacerated each other, and made the mountains and vales of the so-called ‘Island of Saints’ reek with the blood of her sons. The common people participated in the crimes of their leaders, and thus was presented the anomaly of a people, professing the doctrines of peace and good-will, imbruing their hands in each other’s blood. And this was not a mere periodical outburst of enraged feeling, sweeping the political and social atmosphere for a moment, and then subsiding into the calm and sunshine of peace and brotherly love. No; it was the fixed and unchangeable—the normal condition of things. Well; it has continued down to our own times,

mitigated only by the progressive influence of a state of advancing civilization throughout the world. The same spirit of internal antagonism, of mutual suspicion and hatred, of jealousy, malice, and ill-will predominates to-day as it did centuries ago ; and as long as we have any authentic accounts of the social condition of the country. From the time of the Roman rule in Britain down to the occupation of this island by the English, there has been no change in the spirit of distrust and hatred which has characterized the Irish in their conduct towards one another. An Irish prince and traitor appears before our eyes in the light of history, seated in the Roman camp on the soil of Britain, bargaining for the enslavement of his country, and another Irish prince and traitor before us in the same light, at the Court of Britain, engaged in the same nefarious design, at a distance of a thousand years : thus heathen and Christian performing alike the same office of treachery and ruin for their unfortunate country. And what have we to-day ? Is not the same spirit of treason, of mutual discord, of jealousy and hatred, as rife to-day as it

was 700 years ago, as it was 1500 years ago O'Connel agitates the country; but what turns up? mutual recrimination, bitter and deadly antagonism of opposing factions; personal ambition based upon public treason, passions the most violent, and hatred the most intense. What can this agitation result in then? What can it possibly result in, but one thing, the utter destruction of whatever of political and moral virtue that still happens to exist in the country.

“O'Connel means well, for aught I know to the contrary, he desires the political and social regeneration of his country, he wishes to advance her destinies, and to make them keep pace with those of the other countries of Europe: but how is he effecting this? what is the material out of which he is trying to produce this result? Why, just this—a people divided against themselves; a people who hate each other, as much as they hate the strangers whom they call their oppressors, a people who have inherited from an almost interminable line of ancestry all those moral or immoral qualities which render them wholly in-

capable of producing any grand result in the field of political amelioration ; in short, he has about the worse material that Europe can present for the effectuation of his proposed object. History tells us this sad story, experience confirms it. It is useless to flatter people ; nay more, it is criminal to do so, and if there is anything in the political conduct of Mr. O'Connel that deserves special censure, it is that continuous habit and practice of his whereby he endeavours to exhibit the Irish to the world as specimens of everything that is worthy of imitation by mankind. This is *blarney* with a vengeance ; and depend upon it, that there is something wrong where blarney is in the ascendant. He has been successful in carrying emancipation, of whatever value that may be, and I'm not one who would underrate its value. No man ought to be branded with political disqualification on account of his religious profession, most especially when that is of the Christian type ; and the removal of this brand from the brow of the Catholic is a thing of value. But that this act of emancipation will be attended with any real or substantial

benefit to the people of this country is a folly to think. It can produce no such benefit in the present state of public morals and social disorganization. A few ambitious and unprincipled aspirants will obtain seats in the British Parliament, and offices here and there throughout the Empire; but the people, the great body of the inhabitants of this island, will derive no advantage whatever from this act of freedom; on the contrary, I believe it will be injurious to them. And on what ground do I assert this? On this mainly, that the corruption of political morals will become so great and wide-spread, from the ambition of the few to obtain seats in the Legislature, and offices under the Government, at the expense of the many, that the real interests of the country will be lost sight of in the scramble that will ensue for individual advancement; and that the country will sink into a lower and more helpless condition than it occupied before this measure was passed.

“I regret this prospect, but it forces itself upon me: I cannot shut my eyes to it. The ball now thrown up for agitation is a ‘Repeal of the Union,’ but who is

going to repeal it? Such men as I have described will not do it; nor will they do anything else but what may be conducive to their own personal aggrandizement, to their own ambitious projects. It is resting upon a broken reed to look to such men for anything patriotic or generous. If ever the Union shall be repealed it will be by Englishmen, most assuredly not by Irishmen. But, suppose it were repealed, what possible good result could follow from it? Ireland had a Parliament some thirty years ago; and what did she do with it? Why, just what might be expected from what I have shown of her character, that character which has been the creation of so many centuries of disorder, and faction, and mutual blood-stained antagonism. What did she do with it? She sold it. But I may be told that the people, the great body of the inhabitants of the country, had no part in this act of treason. That is a mere equivocation. The men who sold the Irish Parliament were the representatives of the country, the reflection of the morals, principles, and living spirit of the general inhabitants. They did that for personal gain and advancement which all the

other inhabitants would have done, had they had the same opportunity. This is only arguing rationally. In the lower strata of the Irish population we find the same or similar acts of perfidy and treason perpetrated every day. When has there been any movement for the political regeneration of the country, that has gone outside the pale of the law, where we do not find the common people avail themselves of it in order to promote their own little interest, by turning spies, and informers, and perjurers, to such an extent of degradation and infamy as to render it impossible almost to describe them. You are to judge of the representatives of a people by the people themselves. If the representatives are unprincipled, corrupt, and treacherous, depend upon it the people by whom they are created, are so too. If, then, the Act of Union were repealed to-morrow, we should have only a repetition of the disorder, anarchy, dissension, treachery, and infamy which characterized our former Parliaments. The country would derive no benefit from it. Better as it is."

Here the doctor cracked his whip in the

air, threw himself back in his saddle, and made his horse spring into a bounding pace. He checked the animal again, and moved on steadily. The rector had hitherto maintained an unbroken silence, save that now and then he would indulge in a sort of strong respiration, resembling the puff of a bellows ; as if he wanted to relieve the tension of his mind, created by the force and vehemence of the doctor's logic. At length, lifting himself up in the saddle, and looking around him into the distance, as if to catch inspiration from the glowing atmosphere, he coughed once or twice, and then said,—

“ It is a strange picture, doctor, and not more strange than true, I fear. I wonder who were those Milesians, of whom we are all so proud. Were they Celts, or Goths, or Scythians, or Gauls ? They are wrapped up in much mystery. I believe myself, from an examination and comparison of testimony, that they were Spaniards, that is, that they came here from a part of Spain : but I am not satisfied with respect to their race and origin. Some think, and with a good deal of plausibility, that they were of Teutonic

origin, and that they came from Germany, through Gaul. You remember that Cæsar speaks of the Belgic Gauls, representing them as passing over the Rhine at an early stage of history, from the German wilderness, and supplanting the old Celts of Gaul, and extending themselves along the country. They were a bold, enterprising people, and nothing can be more probable than their pushing forward their settlements to Spain and Britain, and from either or both of these countries to Ireland. The old annals of Ireland, however, represent them as having come originally from Egypt, and as settling themselves permanently on the coast of Spain. There is nothing improbable in that either. But from whatever quarter they came, or whatever may have been their origin, they were a most unruly set of vagabonds."

He darted his spurs unconsciously into his horse's sides, and rose erect in his saddle. Then resuming his former easy position, he went on to say,—

"On the subject of the repeal of the legislative Union Act I agree pretty much in your views. I cannot well conceive any

advantages that could accrue from it. Where these countries are so closely connected geographically, and so identical in their interests socially and politically, distinct Governments and Legislatures would only create disunion and anarchy. There is nothing, at the present day, nor is there anything ever likely to occur in the future, that can prevent the British Parliament from legislating beneficially for these countries. If there be any fault at all it lies with the people of this island, not with the Government: if they choose to elect improper representatives, that is their own fault. To be sure, it may be urged that the people are so much in subjection to the landlords that they are unable to return proper persons to represent them. I scarcely admit the application of this argument, because experience constantly points the other way; for we see that where there is no coercion, where the electors are free to vote as they please, and where they do so, they elect invariably, I may say, representatives who as invariably betray them. But admitting, for the sake of argument, that this want of perfect liberty on the part of the electors

is the only reason, or at least the strongest reason for a repeal of the Union ; why cannot the British Parliament remedy this want, and restore freedom to the electors, as well as an Irish Parliament could do it ? An Irish Parliament could only effect it through the combined action of the people's representatives ; but the people's representatives, we find, are not favourable to such a measure ; for if they were, the British Parliament and Government would be but too happy to afford them any relief of this kind which they sought. I believe sincerely that the Irish voter is, in many cases, and it may be, in most cases, very much trammelled by his subjection to his landlord, so much so indeed that he can hardly be said to exercise a free volition in the exercise of his political franchise ; and I should on that account desire to see this state of serfdom removed. A good and well-considered landlord-and-tenant law would effect this ; but what I maintain is that the British Parliament is as likely to pass such a law as an Irish Parliament would be ; perhaps more likely, because an Irish Parliament would be made up of a majority, if not altogether of Irish land-

lords, whereas the British Parliament contains, as compared with the entire body of representatives, but a very small minority of Irish landlords. Rely upon it, doctor, that an Irish Parliament would become in time, and as a natural sequence of things, one of our greatest Irish grievances.

“Now, I shall take leave to place the matter in this light. And I need not say to you, doctor, who know me so well, that in any observation that I am going to make, I do not intend to offer the shadow of an insult to your Church.”

Here the doctor drew himself up, fixed himself firmly in his saddle, and looked around him; then stooping forward a little, he patted his horse, and smiled.

The rector resumed:—

“I cannot shut out from my mind—and I believe it is a fact that no man living in Ireland for any time, and observant of passing events will question, that the Roman Catholic hierarchy of this country are affected with an unquenchable thirst for political power. They have manifested this at all times, upon all occasions, and under all circumstances. This I believe to be one of the greatest, if not *the* greatest

grievance of which this country has to complain. I do not speak now, you will observe, of spiritual or religious matters, for with regard to these I at once admit, that your hierarchy have a perfect right to assert the freedom and equality of their Church. But I speak not of these things; I confine my observations altogether to purely political questions; and upon these, I repeat, your Church has always assumed, and acted upon the right of dictation, control, and coercion. This is so well known to all of us, that it does not require specific proofs. Well, sir, what I contend for is, that with this penchant, or principle, or whatever you may call it, ruling the conduct of your hierarchy, a Parliament in Ireland, at the present day, would mean—admitting that the freedom of the franchise, which we all contend for as proper and desirable, were given to the people—would mean, a Roman Catholic subordinate ecclesiastical organization. Now, I ask you, sir, would that be desirable? would it be just and proper? would it be beneficial to the people of Ireland, as an integral portion of the British Empire? No, sir; I believe, and I apprehend you will concur

with me, that a greater infliction could not be visited upon this unhappy land."

He paused ; puffed a few times, pushed out his lips, and then looked searchingly at the doctor. The doctor, however, maintained an inscrutable silence, merely chucking up his reins, touching his horse's ears with his whip, and then throwing his eyes far into the distance before him, as if watching a play of sportive demons.

The rector seeing all this, and feeling disinclined to reticence, resumed speech.

"Have you, doctor, reflected upon the absurdity, nay folly, criminal folly—of those misguided people, the Whitefect, as they designate themselves? Here is another instance, and evidence of the insane conceptions and impracticable character of our countrymen. Now, it may be said, in alleviation of this transparent folly—I shall call it folly merely, though it is worse than that—it may be said that it is not an organization of the people of this country; and that it does not express the national sentiment; but that it is merely a secret society composed of ignorant, idle, and incompetent men, who can have

no views beyond those of mere personal vanity and self-glorification. I do not assent to that view of the subject. If that were really the case, why is the organization tolerated by the better classes of the population—by the natural guides of the people. The persons who compose this society are—I suppose there cannot be a doubt upon this head—all members of your Church. Why, then, does not your hierarchy put them down? Why do not the Roman Catholic gentry, and respectable farmers, and others possessed of character and influence, suppress them? These are very natural questions to ask; but I apprehend they are very difficult questions to answer. We all know those people are wholly powerless for good; but not so for evil. Why are they tolerated then? They prey upon the farmers; they levy blackmail on the gentry; they tyrannise over the farm-labourers and other dependent persons; they disturb the public peace; and life and property are alike endangered by them. Yet they are not only tolerated; but I believe, further still, encouraged. Why is this? What does this show? In the face of all this—and

mark, sir, this is only a part of a system of things which has ever prevailed in this country from the remotest times down to the present, under one shape or another; forms and names are indifferent, the principle being the same;—in the face of all this, it is asked that an independent Parliament and Government be conferred upon this country.—*Deus vetat tale malum.*”

The doctor felt that he was nailed to a corner; that his own arguments were expanded and enforced with great logical power, and flung right in the teeth of his own Church. This galled him a little, and he showed it. His eyes glistened, like stars on a frosty night, and a shadow of pallor just touched his cheeks. He recovered himself, however; and after breathing hard for a few seconds, he threw up his head, and sounding his whip two or three times in the air, he thus began:—

“You are quite in error, sir, quite in error. You argue as if the Church assumed to itself the power and authority of the State. That is your first error. You then follow up this error by insinuating that her remissness in enforcing her authority is a proof of her complicity in the acts and

proceedings of those organizations or societies to which you refer. Nothing can be more at variance with the truth of the case than this. The Church, sir, neither assumes authority over the conduct of secret political societies, nor, in any way, identifies herself with them. She holds aloof from them altogether. The Church recognizes the perfect freedom of individual political action, and does not turn aside from her prescribed course to reward or punish those who exercise that freedom. That is altogether left to the State, as its peculiar and inherent province. The Church, like the religion which she teaches, addresses herself to the conscience alone; and her rewards and punishments are entirely of a spiritual nature. The spirit of religion is perfect freedom; and so is the spirit of the Church. If men choose to walk in the path of error, they may do so: the Church takes no account of their conduct; she binds not the body; she takes account only of the conscience.

“Now, mark the distinction: the Church enforces the laws of God upon the conscience; the State enforces the laws of the land upon the person. When, therefore,

organizations or societies are formed for purposes contrary to the dictates of religion, and to the doctrines of the Church, the Church punishes the individuals forming such society, not as a body, not as an organization, but, as distinct and separate individuals, at her own proper tribunals, and according to her own distinct mode of punishment. But, on the other hand, the State punishes them as a body responsible for the separate acts of the individuals composing it; and it punishes not according to the conscience, but according to the law. The Church restrains the conscience; the State restrains the body.

“ And you say, sir, that an Irish Parliament, under existing circumstances, would be a subordinate ecclesiastical organization. That’s your second error. There is nothing in the doctrines of the Church to warrant such an assumption. The Church, as such, has never interfered in political organizations of any kind; she never can:—the kingdom of God is not of this world. The individual members composing the Church, both lay and clerical, may act politically, as they may think fit; the Church, as the teacher of religion,

cannot interfere with them ; never pretended to the power of interfering with them. If we had a Parliament in this country to-morrow, the several individuals composing the various constituencies of the country might vote as they pleased without fear of the Church : they would owe no allegiance to the Church on that point. What then, sir, becomes of your argument against an Irish Parliament ?

“ But you will say that the Church has interfered politically both in this and in other countries, on various occasions, and at various periods of her history. I say, never. I say she could not, she dare not. Has she interfered on that grandest theatre of political action which the history of the world, ancient or modern, has presented to our view, the Republic of America ? If it were within her province to interfere at all, it would be here, in that grand resurrection of human liberty, where a new world was springing up, as it were, from the ruins of the old, and bidding fair to concentrate within itself all the greatness, and majesty, and civilization of the human race,—has she interfered here ? An example in our own time, and under our

own eyes, such as this, is worth all the confused rubbish of antagonistic sectarian history that has ever flung its murky and darkening shadows over the pathway of Truth.

“You will point to Rome, perhaps, for an example of political interference on the part of the Church. Wrong again. The Church, even in Rome, the seat of her headship, has never taught—she dared not teach—that it was her mission or any part of her mission to direct and control the political destinies of the people. Some of her members, it is true, with the Pope at their head, have for long ages, governed a large portion of Italy; but they have governed it not in virtue of any power the Church committed to them, or could commit to them; but solely in accordance with the wishes of the people. Now, you will say, of course, that the people of Ireland, being for the most part members of the Church, would, in the event of their being granted a Parliament and Government of their own, confer all political power and authority upon the Pope, or his representatives, the hierarchy of Ireland. You would be wrong there again. The

people of Ireland have never evinced any desire to submit their temporal government to the power of the Church; but supposing it possible that any such absurd notion seized them, in what way could they effect their purpose? As long as the King of England remains also King of Ireland, nothing save defeat in the battlefield can wrest the crown of Ireland from its possessor. But in what position is the Pope to accomplish this overthrow of British power? Pshaw! the idea is simply absurd.

“No, sir; Ireland can never under any circumstances fall under the temporal authority of the Pope. There need be no alarm on that score. It is not under any vague and absurd notion of that sort that I am led to the conclusion that a repeal of the Union would be of no service to Ireland, but, on the contrary, of great disadvantage; it is on far different grounds I arrive at this conclusion. As I have already said, mutual opposition, dissension, and hatred, leading up to anarchy and civil strife, would be the first inevitable result of this measure. This is the conclusion of experience and of a studied knowledge of

the character of my countrymen. This state of things would of course be followed by the usual train of evils flowing from such a source; and calamity the direst, and evils the most deplorable would be the consequence to Ireland. Well, such a state of things could not last; it must terminate; and how? Why, in the usual way, to be sure; the iron hand of despotism should again be laid upon the unfortunate land; and her last condition would be made worse than her first. Yes, sir; that is it, rely upon it."

The doctor having thus relieved himself from the pressure of his thoughts, looked round gaily, and smiled a smile of mingled benignity and triumph upon his reverend companion.

"Well," observed the rector, apparently discomfited, and looking down intently upon the pommel of his saddle; "well, that may be all right, for anything that I can absolutely prove to the contrary; but, at all events, I feel perfectly clear as to the inadvisability of repealing the Union. I think all men, at least all reflecting and disinterested men, must agree in this. But you have not explained how it is that you

permit those misguided people, called Whitefeet, to continue their mad orgies, disturbing the public peace, and distracting the minds of the peaceful and industrious."

The doctor looked at him with an air of comic surprise, as if he thought that his reverend friend was falling into a state of reverie, and was unconscious of the purport of his own language. Then urging his horse a little closer to him, he said in a calm undertone,—

"Do you suppose that I, or the Catholic hierarchy, or the Church constitute the government of these realms? My dear sir, to put the Whitefeet up, or to put them down, is altogether the work of the civil authority. You are aware that we do all that lies within our province; we exhort the people in season and out of season, to obey the laws, and to live peaceably together; we keep the law of the Gospel constantly before them. That is our duty; more we cannot do. Do you perceive?"

"Oh, just so, just so," replied the rector, as if awakening from a trance; "I see, I see. Well, I hope at all events, that some improvement may shortly take place

amongst the people ; I care not from what quarter it comes."

By this time they had arrived at a branch road which led towards the residence of Dr. Markham. Here they shook hands most cordially, and parted ; the doctor dashing the spurs into his horse's flanks, and galloping off at a spanking pace ; the rector just shaking his bridle and rising in his saddle to the movement of a gentle trot.

CHAPTER XIII.

PADDY LARKIN HAS AN INTERVIEW WITH THE
GENERAL OF THE WHITEFEET — VARIOUS
PLANS PROPOSED, AND PROPOSITIONS MADE.

IN a day or two after that on which occurred the events related in the last chapter, Paddy Larkin rose early. He had made up his mind to see the general of that portion of the organization of the army of the Whitefeet to which he himself belonged, and which was embraced within that section of country lying between the towns of Cushport and Corrigcastle, along the line of the river Orma, and extending to the hills and mountains above the village of Ballydine. With this view, therefore, he had suspended his labour in the harvest-fields and gone to rest awhile at his mother's cottage, which lay among the hills.

The morning was fine and beautiful, and promised to be succeeded by a day of unusual sultriness.

After he had risen he walked out to take the morning air, and stretch his limbs. When he got about a hundred yards from the cottage, on the top of a small hillock that stood out from the mountain range, he gazed around him, and drank in the delicious balm of the mountain air, and feasted his eyes on the varied scenery which lay scattered on every side.

Paddy was a stout, well-built, muscular man, and possessed no small share of that chastening romance for which his countrymen are generally distinguished. The heath grew in rich luxuriance at his feet, and along the base of the mountain above him; the rocks, large or small, covered with fungus, or shaded with tall grass and fern, lay scattered about in wild disorder. Stone fences, slight and rickety, and thick hedges, crowned with furze and decorated with fern, straggled and strayed in every combination of lines and figures along the base of the mountain, and down deep into the glen or hollow beneath. The mountain looked grand and defiant in the early light

of the approaching sun ; and the glen, and the plain, and the distant vale of Orma looked bright and smiling in the soft and tremulous radiance.

It was at once a grand and a softening scene, and Paddy felt its full influence. He was not a man, as we have hinted, that could look upon such a scene and not feel it. He did feel it, and imbibed its full force. His spirit rose as he glanced up at the huge aspiring mountain that lifted its head amid the clouds, and looked proudly down on the subject vale. He felt as if he wished to see his country's foes advancing up that vale, and he himself, with a few thousand men at his back, advancing down to meet them. Roused by the thought, he raised his voice aloud, and shouted,—

“ Ould Ireland for ever ! ”

No sooner had the echoes died among the hanging rocks and deep indentations of the mountain side, than he heard at a little distance below him, and towards his right hand, an answering shout bearing the burden,—

“ Hurroo, here I am, by Japers.”

He felt a little startled, like a man waking from a reverie, and looked around

him ; not, indeed, at first towards the spot whencetheshout had emanated, but towards the opposite direction. His eye having sought the scene to the left and rear of him, it at length rested in the direction of the voice ; and he immediately saw, emerging from a crevice of the hill, a man, whom he at once recognized as Denny Mullins, the piper.

Denny, who had recognized the voice of his friend the moment he had heard it, and in this he was aided by the knowledge that he was in the neighbourhood of his residence, came forward with an air of the most unruffled composure, and hailed his friend with,—

“ God’s blessin’ to you this fine mornin’, Paddy ! ”

“ By the gonnies you frightened me,” was the reply ; followed by the question, “ Where in the world are you comin’ from so early in the mornin’, Denny ? ”

“ From Gurtroo, in truth,” answered Denny, “ there was hould the light at Bartley the Devil’s last night, and I left the house ’efore day, when they were all stretched about everywhere ; some in the parlour, and some in the kitchen, and some,

by tripes, in the stable. Och, 'twas *tally heigho!* *the grinder* there; hee-e-e! hee-e-e! Paddy, do you know what? Listen to me."

By this time the two friends had sat down upon the edge of a large rock, half-covered with fern.

"Listen to me, I say. See now, that young Croker is one of the greatest divils I ever heard tell of. His ould father the 'torney, is nothin' to him—God help us; and sure every one thought there was no beatin' him anyhow. Well, 'tis the truth I'm tellin' you. What does he do?—the young divil, I mane—he goes and puts powdher in ould Tim Duffy's breeches, the cratur, when he was lyin' drunk in the back yard, in the middle of the night, and the moon shinin', and he drops some of the powdher along his legs, and out ever so far from him, all in a line; and then puts a rushlight to the end of the line, and, och! the cratur was blew up shky high."

Paddy listened with absorbed attention while Denny related the horrible tale of the young ruffian's conduct, grinding his teeth occasionally, and squeezing his chin with his right hand; but at the conclusion he

jumped from his seat, and raising his right arm aloft and pointing to the sun, he swore by that luminary that he would never rest until he took revenge for that base and villainous act. Then, turning round, his eyes flashing fire and his chest heaving with emotion, he asked,—

“Is my uncle dead?”

“Och, no, the cratur,” was the reply; “didn’t I go and take him up and bring him into the back kitchen; and there we sthripped him, myself and ould Betty, the shorer, till we brought him to his sinses; and then we rubbed him with something Betty brought, and put him to bed. He was sleepin’ hearty when I left the house.”

“Is there any danger of him?” asked Paddy.

“Och, no, the sorrow o’ bit of danger at all, when he’ll waken up. You see, how it was, when the powdher missed fire, the cratur was dead drunk, and he had no more feelin’ than this stone I’m sittin’ on.”

This reply seemed to calm down the passion which had agitated Paddy at the thought that his uncle had been murdered by Bartley the Devil’s son. He resumed

his seat, and throwing one leg over the other and folding his arms softly over his chest, he commenced to whistle, in tones rich and melodious, "Good-night, and joy be with you all."

Denny listened for awhile in evident admiration of the performance, and at length, taking up the green bag which lay at his side, he opened it, and taking out his pipes, he placed them across his knees, fastening the bellows under his right arm, and jerking the bag under the left—and commenced to play the same tune in harmony with the whistle of his friend.

Thus they continued for a considerable time, filling the morning air with their combined melody; inclining their heads to each other, every now and then, and half closing their eyes, as if carried away in the full tide of the glowing music.

At length they ceased; and Paddy, turning round to his companion, asked him to play the "Exile of Erin."

Denny complied at once, and did amplest justice to the air.

When he ceased, Paddy took it up, and sang the song itself, with a richness of intonation and a perfection of taste that

was truly astonishing in one from whose appearance and manner the reader could scarcely expect anything of tenderness or grace.

“Paddy,” said the piper, after a pause, “there is one song you must sing for me now, and I’ll join in id wid the chanther; ’tis “The Maid of Ballydine.”

Paddy drew a deep sigh, and then said,—

“Yes, Denny, that’s what you may call a song. Do you know my heart warms to Masther Herbert on account of that song. He made it about myself and Anty; and there he drew out my heart as plain as if it was ’efore your eyes. Howsomever, here goes. Soft, soft wid the chanther.

THE MAID OF BALLYDINE.

Ye Muses all, in heaven’s high hall,
Pray lend me all your aid,
While I entwine a wreath of song
For my sweet charming maid.
For she is fair,—her worth is rare,—
Her praises to define
Would be too much for one poor bard ;—
The Maid of Ballydine.

She’s tall and straight, as blade of wheat
That in the valley grows ;

Her step is light, her eye is clear,
Her teeth are ivory rows.
No music floats in silvery notes
More thrilling, more divine,
Than the sweet cadence of her lips,—
The Maid of Ballydine.

Her smile is bright, like glancing light
That gilds the laurel shade ;
And mild her glance as early dawn
In mellow tints array'd.
Oh, what can be earth's cares to me,
Since now her love is mine ;—
Deep in my heart embalm'd shall live
The Maid of Ballydine.

“ Do you know, Denny,” he said, as he concluded the song, “ I would like to be an exile for the sake of the ould counthry. If a man isn't able to free her, that is, supposin' he tried, 'twould be a glory to suffer for her anyhow. Did you hear anything about the boys in your travels over the mountains ? They say that Gurtroo is ripe. I wasn't up there a long time, but I'd like to have a look about the place. I wonder is Bartley sneakin' around there. The ould keeper of hell will never have his rights till Bartley enthers his demesne. That's my opinion, Mr. Dennis Mullins, masther of music ! ”

As he uttered the last words he looked proudly, yet cheerfully, into the face of Denny, who felt the compliment thus paid him, and replied,—

“I’m entirely obleeged to your honour, Mr. Patrick Larkin, bould chieftain of Ireland—hee-e-e ! hee-e-e !”

Paddy laughed heartily too, and jumping off the rock, he stretched himself, swelled out his chest, and then looked into the air, saying,—

“’Tis a glorious mornin’, glory be to God. Come, Denny, ’tis breakfast-time ; and we are both up a good start ; so, I think we’ll be able to do justice to whatever the ould woman is ready to give us.”

They descended the side of the hillock, and after a few minutes’ scrambling among the detached rocks, furze, fern, and long grass which lay scattered in their path, they arrived at the cottage of Peg Duffy, as Paddy’s mother was familiarly called.

The cottage was really a comfortable one, though rather curiously situated and constructed. It was built in the scoop of a large rock, which seemed as if it had been cut by art, instead of being the work of nature ; so straight, smooth, and perpen-

dicular was its face. This rock constituted three of the four walls which formed the body of the cottage. The fourth wall was the work of art, and consisted of a few stout boulders interspersed and bound together by smaller stones, without mortar or cement, or any artificial adornment whatever, save that the interstices were filled with broom, and heath, and fresh fern, which drooped down in festoons, and covered the greater part of it. The spots which revealed themselves, of this wall, were shining in whitewash, and pleasant to the eye from the contrast which they presented with their surroundings. This wall, which constituted the front of the building, was furnished with a door, painted green, and was flanked on one side with a window or air hole, consisting of two panes of patched and broken glass, which together with the door admitted light and air into the interior of the dwelling. The roof, which was composed of rough-hewn timber, was covered with sods, and broom, and furze, and looked fresh and blooming from the long grass and blossoms which flourished gaily along its entire surface. The chimney was constructed of rough slabs, protected by

strips of turf, thick, hard, and brown; and from its orifice, on the occasion we speak of, there issued a thick grey smoke which bespoke the culinary process going on within.

Paddy and his companion having, as we have said, wound their way down the declivity, through rocks and scrub, arrived at the narrow passage that led in a zigzag line to the door of the cottage. This passage was guarded by lofty rocks on either side, growing up from the breast of the hill, and presenting the appearance of a fortified citadel. They passed up this narrow, fortified way for several paces, until they arrived in view of the green door and the two-paned window. Both were open to admit the morning air, for the window was so constructed as to move on something like a pivot when required. They entered, and immediately encountered the fume—a pleasant and delicious odour—of stewed bacon and hare. It arose from an iron pot suspended from a hook at the end of a crooked stick that hung, blackened with smoke and soot, from the open chimney-place.

Peg Duffy and Denny interchanged

cordial greetings, and seemed as though they had known each other from infancy ; and in truth they had, for, as Peg herself said, she “ knew him since he wasn’t bigger than his bagpipes.”

A little cross-legged table was laid in the chimney-corner, and covered with a coarse brown, but clean cloth. As soon as Peg had heard that her son, and some stranger, as she thought, were coming, she poured out from a small wicker vessel, or *skiough* as it was called, a quantity of hot, smoking potatoes, bursting from their coats, upon the table. And after having saluted her friend, Denny, as we have seen, she also took the stew from the pot, and placed it upon wooden platters beside the potatoes. She then went to the dresser, which stood against the back wall of the room, and, opening a drawer, drew from it two or three slices of oaten bread, in the shape of half-moons, and threw them upon the table. After this, she lifted the lid of a pail, or wooden vessel which stood upon the table of the dresser, and from it she filled three piggins of skimmed milk, pure and delicious, and laid them also upon the table. The breakfast was thus constituted.

“Here now, boys,” she said, “your breakfast is to the fore, and sit down and ate it. Shure, ’tis as good as I have ; and if it was a hundred times betther you’d be welcome to it, Denny Mullins, or any one belongin’ to you. Long before you were born I was made welcome at your mother’s house, and would to-day if I went there, as I do sometimes ; so sit down, and break your fast this long mornin’. Shure, maybe, you were up before day, and to be here at this time. Maybe you travelled far over the hills, and didn’t take a bit or a sup since you left home. Sit down there now, and try to ate a bit.”

They did sit down to the table, Denny and his friend, and commenced to regale themselves on fare that, considering the time and season, and their morning exercise, especially that of Denny, was not to be despised. Despised, did we say? It was fare fit for a prince.

And now while they are regaling themselves, and talking over events and circumstances, past and present, which afforded them interest ; and while Peg is urgent and earnest with her guest “*to ate hearty and not to make strange,*” we shall

devote a few minutes to a brief review of Peg Duffy, *alias* Mrs. Larkin, her life and fortunes.

Peg Duffy was the daughter of a substantial and respectable farmer who had lived in the same county and in the same parish in which she was herself now residing. He had many sons and many daughters, all of whom, with one or two *exceptions*, Peg herself being one, were well married and well settled in life. Peg, or Peggy, as she was called in her younger and gayer days, was a jovial pleasant girl, and fair to be looked at. But she had her whims and her fancies, and these were not exactly in accordance with her interests, or with what might be called good sound sense. She was an upright, moral girl, however; and never did, nor could ever be induced to do anything that was calculated to bring a stain upon her character. She knew the duties of her religion, and she discharged them faithfully and punctually.

She frequented patterns and fairs, it is true; and she danced and sang, and laughed, and made merry with the boys; but she committed no error, at least no very serious error in all this. It might

be objected to her that she broke through that decent and becoming reserve which, as the daughter of a respectable farmer, she should have maintained; but this might be excused on the ground, as she used to say herself, that she didn't like to turn a cold shoulder to neighbours' children because they were poor. Whether she was right in this or not it is not clear, and we do not say she was wrong, provided that she observed a proper medium in her intercourse with persons below her own rank. But Peggy was a very free-and-easy girl, and the continuous practice of her own maxim, which, at best, was a doubtful one, that she "ought not to make any difference between people, because some happened to be rich and some happened to be poor," led her by degrees into a snare where her prospects in life, and her true happiness were shipwrecked for ever.

Paddy Larkin the elder, that is, the man who afterwards became her husband, and after whom our present acquaintance, her son, was called, was one of those young men who were embraced within the circle of Peggy's "*poor, but decent*" friends. He was a "likely boy" as the neighbours

said, and “fit for any lady of the land;” and so Peggy seemed to think too, forgetting everything but her free-and-easy disposition; and yielding herself up to the fascinating bubble of the passing hour. She became attached to him, and yielded to his entreaties to become united to him in marriage. He was, as we have said, a good-looking young man, an object of rural applause at the dance, on the hurling green, and wherever rustic accomplishments were to be exhibited to the gaze of admiration. He was a first-rate hand in a fight, too; and to crown all, he was a patriot of the first water.

Now, when we say that he was a “*patriot*,” we do not mean to insinuate that he was wrong, or that his character was deteriorated on that account. Not at all. On the contrary, the principle of patriotism conferred honour, and not disgrace upon his character, in our estimation. But he was a *foolish* patriot, that is, while he possessed the high virtue of loving his country, he permitted that virtue to degenerate into a love of faction, of disorder, of anarchy. He joined every sort of organization that had for its object

to oppose the laws, the ordinances, the peace, and the repose of his country. He hated prosperous men, and rich men; and as for men in power he deemed their existence the greatest curse that his country suffered under. He failed, as may be seen, in that moderation and good sense, which alone can give efficacy to the spirit and virtue of patriotism. He would die for his country, if need were, it is true; but that is patriotism run mad, for he seemed not to care whether the cause or the struggle in which he was satisfied to die, was a wise, a just, a holy one, or not.

Such was Paddy Larkin the elder, and such was the man, a poor, labouring man, without property, without good sense, without understanding, but with a fine person, and a rollicking disposition, whom Peggy Duffy, the respectable farmer's daughter, and the beautiful, virtuous, and noble hearted girl consented to marry. The consequences were, as must have been anticipated, Paddy was killed in a patriotic faction fight between the Rockites, a political organization established, like the Whitefeet, for the liberation of Ireland, whatever that meant, and a party of the

king's troops; and to Peggy was born a boy, shortly afterwards, whom she had baptized and called Paddy, after his renowned father.

From that time down to the moment we present her to our readers, Peggy's life had been one of continuous unbroken toil and hardship, devoted to the support of herself and her son; and relieved from the full pressure of this hapless lot only when young Paddy began to be employed as a house or field servant by the neighbouring gentry and farmers. But the assistance thus afforded to her could not, after all, be called much; for Paddy was able to spend, and did spend upon himself nearly the whole of his earnings; so that Peg had to toil on without intermission. That her son promised much better than his father the reader, by this time, will be apt to doubt: for it is clear that the ways of the one were the ways of the other; and that darkness, and sorrow, and it may be, shame and disgrace appeared to loom in poor Paddy's horizon.

Well, we shall now attend to the breakfast-table. Both men partook very heartily of the viands before them.

“Begor,” said Denny, continuing some remarks which he had made before, “’tis as good eatin’ as any man need look for; the bacon, you see, flavours the hare, and makes it taste sweet. I never knew a man, Paddy, smarter than yourself to trip up a hare, and they’re cute rogues too; if you don’t take them on the hop, they’d only laugh at you. The net is a grand thing to catch ’em, when you know where to put it, and when the dog follows ’em strong. That’s a solid dog of yours, *Bran*: he’s gettin’ ould now; but there’s good work in him yet. Oh, no more, no more now, Mrs. Larkin; I am stuffed to the neck, I couldn’t ate another bit if I was to be transported.”

“Well, I am done, too,” said Paddy. “It’s not very bad eatin’ as you say, Denny: a man might go further and speed worse. But talkin’ of *speed*, ’tis time for me now to be startin’. I have to go to Corrigcastle to-day, and by the time I am there, and have transacted a little business, ’twill be late enough on me comin’ back.”

“Oh, Yia,” exclaimed his mother, “maybe, ’tis Sunday ’ud bring you home. Whenever you go down to that town, you

don't be in a great hurry comin' back. I'm against your goin' there at all; I don't know what business you have there, exceptin' foolish business. That's the way your father used to be spendin' his time; and God be marciful to him, 'tis little look or grace he ever got out of such meandrin'."

"My father was a good man," observed Paddy, and if others were like him, Ireland 'ud be free to day. But no, they wouldn't stir hand or foot for the poor counthry, but leave her to her innimies to be trampled under foot. That's the way 'tis. Are you comin' down along, Denny?"

Denny answered in the affirmative.

But Peg Duffy busied herself with the affairs of the kitchen, putting everything in order, and while doing so, ejaculating now and then,—

"Och, 'tis all very fine. Free, indeed! Ireland free! we're hearin' tell of that since we were born, and 't isn't free yet. I wonder what is it to be free? Och, shure, what could it be but to be killed, or hanged, maybe, *that's to be free.*"

As she proceeded in this strain, Paddy was putting on his clean stockings, and

tying the ribbons of his breeches below his knees. After this he took and rubbed his beaver, or Sunday hat ; and then taking a stout whitethorn stick from the chimney, where it lay suspended, he walked out, followed by Denny and his green bag.

They walked along slowly down the winding passage between the rocks, across rocky elevations, along through ravines bristling with furze and thorn, across rivulets which murmured dreamily in their almost dried up channels ; and up and down through the broken mountain country, keeping their footsteps in the direction of Ballydine. But as they went along they held grave discourse on things past, present, and to come ; and thus beguiled the way.

“ Hark’ee, Paddy,” said Denny, drawing up close to his companion, as though he feared that the rocks would overhear him ; “ is there anything goin’ on ? What are the boys doin’ now ? ”

“ There is deep work in hand,” replied Paddy ; “ but ’tis hard to tell yet when the risin’ will begin. We must settle every thing right in the *Army of Freedom*, that is, we must appoint the officers high

and low, and look to the arms. And besides that, we must take down the names of everyone, rich and poor, that's to contribute to the support of the army. Great regulations must be made, and then, after that, the bonfires'll blaze on the hill, far and near; and that's the way the thing is to be done. The most knowledgeable men in the *Grand 'Sociation* say that 'twon't take one month to free Ireland, when every thing is laid down in prime order in the beginnin'. Well, then, maybe we'll have our own at last. You see the blow must be struck hot and quick, and there'll be no failure after. What lost Ireland always was, that they were never ready; and were vyin' with one another about the command of the army. But now we have a man at the head of affairs that all Ireland will follow, and—hould your ear here;" he stopped, bent over to Denny, put his mouth to his ear, and whispered low: "*That man is Dan himself.*"

Denny drew himself up, looked at his companion, and then sprang two feet from the ground, his pipes under his arm, and shouted,—

"*Ould Ireland for ever!*"

The echoes around took up the shout and repeated “ *Ould Ireland for ever !* ”

“ Yes, Denny,” continued the patriot, “ ’twill be a grand day for Ireland, when all’ll be right with her, and, as I tell you, there’s nothing wanted for that now, but the preparations. So that when she is all right, and the chains struck off, every man can live at his ease, and sing the ‘ Bony Bush of Lochero,’ all the day long. Maybe, ’tis in Whitmore Castle yourself and myself would be livin’ then.” Here the thought of the mighty change fired him, and he sprang into the air with the strength and elasticity of a deer ; and whirled his blackthorn stick several times around his head, to the manifest danger of Denny and his pipes.

Denny seeing the enthusiasm of his friend, and not knowing how far it might carry him, flung himself on the ground, and watched him with mingled admiration and awe. At length, Paddy having subsided into his former mood, Denny rose from his prostrate position, and they both proceeded calmly on their way.

“ I’m thinkin’,” commenced Denny, his

head bent forward, and his underlip protruded, as he strolled on by the side of his companion, "I'm thinkin', I wonder will there be much sogers, with their red coats, and their blunderbushes, tryin' to kill the poor people. Auch," shaking his shoulders, and drawing in a long breath, "I wouldn't like to see the red sogers at all. But, hark'ee, Paddy, who'll be the gineral in the Army of Freedom? Is it green coats they'll have on 'em?"

"I tell you what it is, my man," said Paddy, with a proud air, and almost forgetting the person he was addressing, "there'll be gineral there that'll surprise the counthry; bould, darin' gineral that'll think no more of skivering any blackhearted traitor than of eatin' his breakfast. There is to be a gineral of the Ballydine division, one of the bouldest men in the camp. Do you know him yet?"

"No, in troth," answered Denny.

"Would you like to know?"

"Oh, by all manner of means."

"Well, I'll tell you; but you must keep counsel till the time comes. His name is one Larry Doherty, *Gineral Doherty*. I'm goin' to see him to day, to get instructions.

And listen to me, Denny, I'm to be his *Aidy Camp*."

He looked at Denny, with a lofty air, and asked,—

"What do you say to that?"

Denny stopped up, shifted his pipes from one arm to the other, pursed out his lips, and looked at his companion from head to foot, and back from foot to head. He seemed literally amazed.

At length he said in measured tones,—

"And, Paddy Larkin, may I make bould to ask you, what sort of a thing is an *Aidy Camp*? is it a sort of a gineral, or *what is it*?"

"Denny," replied the other, in equally measured phrase, "you are an ignorant man in army regulations. But, no blame to you. You were doin' nothing all your life but blowing them pipes, and *regulatin'* the drones and the chanther; you never studied the natur of the army or navy, or anything else of the sort, and so you are as blind, in regard to standin' and promotion in the Army of Freedom, as the child unborn. I'll tell you now what is an *Aidy Camp*: 'tis a *gineral*, you may say, but he'll act as sich, only when the Gineral of

Division is shot as dead as a doornail. When Larry Doherty, that is, *General Doherty* will be shot the first day, please God, then the *Aidy Camp*, that's myself, won't be an *Aidy Camp* any more, but 'll be *General Larkin of the Grand Division of Ballydine in the Army of Freedom*. Maybe, now you understand the meanin' of the word, Denny Mullins, my man."

And he again sprang from the ground, hitting his body near the coat tail, with one of his heels, and sending forth a shout that resembled the yell of a beast of prey. Denny looked at him again, in evident amazement, and said, with apparent interest,—

"And supposin' General Doherty wasn't shot, what would the Aidy Camp do?"

"What would he do?" repeated Paddy; "why, what would he do but fire away like the divil as long as there was a soger 'efore him. Do you think 'tis asleep he 'ud go? No, Denny; believe me, there'll be nothin' there but thundher, and lightnin', and blazin' away as long as there's an inimy alive.

"I wonder," he continued, after a pause, "what is that *lyacha of a rogue (half-fool*

of a rogue) Joe Whitmore, goin' to do when he's drove spinnin' out of his castle. And for the matther of that, 'tis little right he has to that same castle, if there was justice in the counthry. The *bosthoon* (blabbing fool) is lookin' after Miss Fanny Moore, just as if he was fit to wipe her shoes. 'Twould be a queer day that 'ud see that girl married to the like of him. No, Masther Herbert is the man for her, he is a *man* and a *gintleman*. And what is Whitmore? nothin' but a mean low bladder, braggin' and boastin' like a beggar on horseback; and no more of the gintleman in him than in ould Moll Dreelin', Anty's mother. Anty, please God, will be Mrs. Larkin before long. But she must wait till the war is over, and we'll all have our rights."

Denny was in deep meditation while Paddy was thus giving vent to his feelings; but when he had concluded, Denny said, in cautious and measured tones,—

"Joe Whitmore is a designin' and dangerous man; I tell you that, Paddy, because I know it. 'Twas only the night 'efore last he sent for me to play at the Castle; and what do you think? He

brought me into the parlour when all were cleared out, and no one there but himself ; and says he to me, ‘Denny,’ says he, ‘you know all about the Whitefeet, and tell me now,’ says he, ‘who is joined in ’em. I’m for ’em myself,’ says he, ‘because this counthry is oppressed, and I want to free it,’ says he, ‘and,’ says he, ‘the best way to go to work is to join together,’ says he, ‘and drive the English Government out of the counthry,’ says he. ‘And, now,’ says he, ‘tell me who is to be their ginerals,’ says he. ‘Isn’t Mr. Granville,’ says he, ‘to be one of their ginerals?’ says he, ‘and shure that’s all right,’ says he; ‘I ’ud like,’ says he, ‘to be one of their ginerals, too,’ says he. ‘So,’ says he, ‘you may tell me everything about ’em,’ says he. ‘And look here, Denny,’ says he, ‘I’d like to know where they meet,’ says he, ‘so that I might go and join ’em,’ says he. Well, myself listened to him, and, faith, I smelt a rat ; because why ? I’ll tell you. The captain, that is, John Gorman, put me on my guard against him, and tould me not to let on anything to him, but to pick out of him everything I could. So, I remembered his words ; and, in troth, I watched him cute enough, every word he

said ; and so I tould the captain. Believe me, Paddy Larkin, that Whitmore must be watched. What the captain tould me is that Whitmore is tryin' to put Masther Herbert out of the way, till he 'ud get Miss Fanny himself. What do you say to that now ?”

“I see,” said Paddy, pressing his lips tightly together, and clenching his fist, “I see, Denny.”

“Well,” he continued, “maybe, we 'ud show him into the secrets, and transmography him into a ginerall. Whee-e-u-u !”

He paused, and then burst into a laugh that seemed to suffocate him, so deep and prolonged was the agitation it had produced on him, but recovering himself, after a time, he merely observed,—

“I never met a bigger fool than that fellow ; he 'ud like to be a great rogue, if he could, but his foolishness spoils it. He is like a gun crammed with wet powder, or a swoord with a broken edge. That's my opinion of that *boolam skeough* (swaggering fool) : so, Denny, my man, don't be frightened about him ; we'll make him shake in his breeches.”

They then went along in silence, as if

they had been exhausted by the mental exertion which the topics they had been discussing called forth.

After a considerable time, spent apparently in grave reflection, Paddy again spoke, and said,—

“No, Denny Mullins, it isn’t Joe Whitmore, the *bosthoon*, we need be much afeerd of; for though he is a bad man, and would do all the harm he could, still and all, he bein’ a sort of a fool into the bargain, he is not able to do much. The man we have the best right to be afeered of is *Bartley Croker*. That’s the man: for if there’s a divil on the face of the world, he is him. Now, Denny, do you know the difference between the two villains? You don’t, God help you, how could you? You’re not the man, Denny, to take your bit of chalk and draw out on the wall, or on a boord, the four quarters of a real, blazin’ rogue; and then say, *that’s him*. No, in troth, you’re not. And why? answer me that. Bekase, I’ll tell you, ’tis *inside of the shirt* the biggest and blastedest part of a rogue is hid, and the littlest part *outside the shirt*. You can’t see through his shirt, Denny; ’tis only what’s outside *you* can see.

That's the reason you'll never answer for an *Inspecthor Ginerall of Police*."

Here he fell into another fit of laughter, after which he resumed,—

"The difference 'etween Joe Whitmore and Bartley Croker is the same as 'etween a divil that's grew full size, stout and hearty, and another divil that's only just weaned, and crawlin' about the floor, afther leavin' the cradle. You 'ud want to be takin' care of yourself when the big one is hard by, but there 'ud be no danger of the little one, bekase you could walk on the cratur, or kick him out of your way. The *Grand 'Sociation of Ireland* have all the rogues marked and numbered, just the same as bullocks at a fair; you often seen bits of paper on their tails, well, that's the same way the '*Sociation* have marks on the rogues and thraithers of Ireland. Whenever one of 'em is to be picked out, there's nothin' to be done but to read out his number out of the big book where 'tis kept, and then appint a man or two to do the job. Do you mind me, Denny? That's the way 'tis. When did you see Bartley Croker? —oh, last night. Who was 'long with him?"

Denny appeared scarce conscious of the question thus put to him, for he had been for some minutes previously absorbed in deep thought, during which his lips moved incessantly, and his mouth was, from time to time, drawn towards either cheek, as if he were labouring under a series of spasms. He would sometimes, too, chuck the green bag under his arm; or take it away, and balance it upon his hands, as if taking the weight of it.

At length he stopped short, evidently aware that something had been said requiring an answer; and turning half round looked, with a vacant stare, his mouth wide open, into the face of his companion, ejaculating, at the same time,—

“Eh, ah?”

Paddy looked at him; and then smiled a smile of mingled pity and contempt—the pity, however, largely predominating. And he said,—

“Och, God help you, poor cratur; in troth, I b’lieve, if Ireland was roullin’ in the sthream, and a gorçoon would be able to sthop her, you wouldn’t have the sinse to put out your hand till ’twas too late to help. Didn’t you mind what I was sayin’

to you this minit? Who was 'long wid Bartley Croker last night when you were there aplayin' of your *dhokauns* (pipes)? ”

“ Oh, aye,” was the prolonged reply of the piper, as he drew his hand over his mouth, and then conveyed it to his left ear, which he began to feel and press, as though it were the organ of reflection, and from which he was striving to squeeze out some answer. “ Oh, aye; who was 'long wid him? 'long wid Bartley Croker? why thin, the most o' the hunt was there; not meanin', by coourse, that they were a hunting that day—the season isn't come yet, d'you mind? And a fine season 'twill be when the harvest'll be all in, glory be to God. There's no show but the sight of stacks of wheat and oats, and all sorts of plenty, everywhere about the counthry now. What myself was thinkin' if the sogers 'ud burn it all, what would the world do? They say that starvation follies the troubles (insurrection) always; and 'tis plain to be seen, shure enough; since what's to be done but to put a spark to the stacks and the ricks, and, maybe, the houses, and off they'll go in one blast, that you 'ud see on the top of Corrasnachtha

Hill. In throth, 'tis bad work; only that the poor ould counthry must be freed from the robbers that's houldin' her down on her knees, the same as a beggar that 'ud be lookin' for somethin' to ate. Only for the ould woman, my poor mother, and those poor pipes, I wouldn't grudge lindin' a hand to help the poor ould counthry out o' the schkrape. I wondher, Paddy, will the sogers come handy to Glen Corril; bekase if they did, I 'ud want to take the ould woman to some place where they wouldn't catch her. God forgive 'em if they 'ud touch the poor ould cratur that reared me—aye, and nursed me; and put me on her back, and brought me to fair and patthorn; and showed me how to bless myself: and when I was sick and sore, tinded me day and night; and cried the blessed tears over me!—Will they touch *her*? I ask you, will they touch *her*? They will, will they? the mother that reared me? and my father dead, eh? Here!—come on, Paddy Larkin!—let the pipes stay here;" and he stooped low, and thrust the green bag under the cover of a rock shaded by alder-trees. "There now, they'll tear away the ould woman—my

ould mother,—from house and home, and, maybe, leave her sprawlin', and bleedin', and bawlin' on the blessed ground. Come on, Paddy Larkin—hurroo for ould Ireland—folly me, Larkin—hurroo for ould Ireland, and the shky over it."

And he sprang forward with an agility and fire that were in striking contrast with his usual slow and tame demeanour.

Paddy stood looking at him for some time; and then said,—

"May God grant you sinse, Denny Mullins! what way is that for you to be goin' on? Go away, and take up your *dhokauns* (pipes) and have some sinse. Maybe, if the sogers were to the fore, you wouldn't be so lively wid yourself. Your mother, indeed! they to be goin' after your mother. Maybe, 'tisn't something else they'd have to do, when they 'ud be hard set to save themselves; and they runnin' for their life; and the Army of Freedom hot-foot behind 'em, commanded by Ginerol Doherty, and his Aidy Camp, that's myself,—*Agitan Ginerol* of the *Grand Division of Ballydine*. Your mother, is it? Och; sure have sinse—have sinse, man."

Denny's martial enthusiasm had subsided

by this time ; and he returned to the rock, beneath which he had deposited his pipes. He took them up ; and tucking them under his arm, he and his companion jogged on together.

After a little time, Paddy, having grown somewhat moody, began to frown, and to mutter broken phrases to himself. Then turning to his companion, and looking him straight in the face, he said,—

“Denny Mullins ! answer me one thing : is there any danger of Jack Gorman ? answer me that one question :—is there any danger of the captain turnin’ on us ?”

“Is it the captain you ’ud be spakin’ about ?” asked Denny ; “is it the man that’s as solid as Corrasnachtha on his bottom ? There’s not a man from this to the Hill o’ Howth ; or from that back to Donaghadee ; or from that agin to Bantry Bay, that’s soundher, or thruer, than you, this day, Jack Gorman. Paddy Larkin, listen to me ; did you ever hear tell o’ one o’ the Gormans ever turnin’ shtag ? did you ever hear tell o’ one o’ em wid a weak point in him ? No, nor any one else no more than you ; all his kith, kin, and ginerations

were as sound in everything belonging to thrue men as any to be found within the four walls of Ireland. And, answer me this, Paddy Larkin; what made you ask me that question about the captain?"

"I'll tell you, then," answered the other; "I don't half like his ways lately. He do be goin' about here and there,—to Gurtroo, and to Whitmore Castle, and to Mooloch, and—I seen him purty often 'long with that hangin'-bone thief, Peter Mackey. What business does he have agoin' to people o' that sort? They are our inimies, and the inimies of the counthry; and what can you expect from any man that 'ud make or meddle wid 'em? And besides that, shure, he can't spake a good or a civil word about the '*Sociation*, or the '*Army of Freedom*, or the '*Risin'*, or anything that's for the good of the counthry. Didn't he tell myself, up to my teeth, that 'twas all foolishness; and that I ought to drop it. What could you expect from a man as 'ud say that? There's the thrial of a man for you. Mind what I'm goin' to say now, Denny Mullins. By the blessed sun that's shinin' there beyond o' top o' the mountain, the man as 'ud run down

the '*Sociation*, and as 'ud spake mane o' the *Army of Freedom*, and as 'ud thry to put down the *Risin'*—the man as 'ud do all that, haven't the spirit of a *spidogue* (a wren) in him, nor the sowl of a flay (flea); and I'd no more thrust him than I would the greatest robber that ever ransacked a chapel."

Having delivered himself thus, he clenched his lips, drew back the lids of his eyes, and looked triumphantly into the face of his companion.

Denny, however, far from being discomfited, rose with the importance of the occasion; and replied thus:—

"I listened to you, Paddy Larkin—I beg pardon—*Gineral Larkin*."

"*Agitan Gineral*, says you," interrupted Paddy.

"Well, by coorse, *Agitan Gineral*; but you see, I'm blind to the titles o' the *Army of Freedom*. Hows'ever, I listened to you, Paddy Larkin,—that's *Agitan Gineral of the Army of Freedom*,—when you were passin' your vardy (verdict) on Jack Gorman, that's on the captain. You said he went here, and he went there; and he was talkin' wid this man, and wid that

man; and that you wouldn't thrust him, bekase why? to be shure, bekase he made little of the '*Sociation*, and of the *Army of Freedom*, and of the *Risin'*: that's your vardy? I ask you now, to show me a more knowlegeable man in the '*Sociation*, or in the *Army of Freedom*, or in the *Risin'*, than the captain's four bones. Answer me that. And then, after answerin' that, answer me this: If the poor ould counthry wanted help to-morrow to take off her chains, and the likes, where, on Ireland's ground could be found a man readier, and sounder, and larneder (more learned) to do that same, than Jack Gorman, the captain? That's for *you* to answer *me*. And heark'ee here now, Paddy Larkin"—he drew up closer to his companion, and pushed forward his head so as nearly to touch Paddy's cheek with his mouth—"heark'ee here; there's not a man in Ballydine, nor out of it, that 'ud stand boulder to Masther Herbert, if it was wanted, than the captain. Do you see me now, Paddy Larkin? do you see on what ground I'm standin'? Take that now, my Ginerál—beg pardon—my *Agitan Ginerál*."

Paddy felt the full weight of the appeal.

Perhaps there was no man living who would go farther to serve Herbert Granville than Paddy Larkin; not alone from the fact that he and his mother had always found protection, and a home at Ash Grove, when the weight of sorrow and of affliction had come upon them by the death of the elder Larkin; but also because an affection, for which he could scarcely account to himself, had attached him so wholly to that young gentleman that we believe he would not hesitate to sacrifice his life in vindication of that affection.

When, therefore, the piper had struck this chord—and the reader must have perceived with what easy dexterity he did so—Paddy's breast began to heave; and his swelling hostility to the captain commenced to subside, until that individual assumed in his imagination an aspect altogether different from that in which he had a few minutes before regarded him. He immediately began to feel that if the captain loved Herbert, and was ready to serve him, the captain could not be a bad man. He walked on, without answering the piper; pondering upon the words he had heard; and reviewing the captain—his

acts, his language, his general demeanour—in the field of his imagination.

Thus engaged, and thus silent, Paddy, with his companion, descended into the mountain gorge on the right of the road leading up from Ballydine; and after another half-hour they were passing through that village.

Having arrived at the Cross, they separated, Denny taking the road that led to Glen Corril, and Paddy that which lay in the direction of the town of Corrigcastle.

Paddy, after parting with his companion, stepped on quickly, for the morning was advanced, and he wished to reach the town before noon. He walked on with a gay and sprightly air, his new beaver resting on one side of his head, and his blackthorn stick clutched firmly in his right hand. He would, every now and then, extend his stick in the air, and run his eye along its length, as if to ascertain its straightness and the regularity of its knobs: then again he would balance it between his fore-finger and thumb, perhaps to try its weight, or his own skill in using it: after that he would whirl it round his head three or four times, and jump forward as he did so—by

way of practice, most likely; imagining himself, at the time, charging in front of his battalions. Sometimes he poured forth a stave of some patriotic song, expressive of the pride and glory of dying for one's country, especially when the green flag fluttered in the breeze above the heads of the conquerors, and the red flag lay befouled in the mire beside the gory vanquished.

The road along which he thus enjoyed his imaginary triumph wound along the margin of the vale of Orma, and was such as could not fail to inspire him with cheerfulness. It was lined on either side by large elms and ashes, which flung their shade upon his pathway, and protected him from the fierce rays of the sun.

On he went, passing Castle Whitmore on the right; and farther on, Sycamore Lodge, the noble residence of Sir Michael Carey, on the left. Then the beautiful and embowered residence of the Rev. Mr. Grigger came in view, as well as other equally beautiful and romantically situated houses on the right and on the left.

At length he came in sight of the town of Corrigcastle, tranquilly reposing on the

banks of the river Orma, beneath him. It looked lovely, bathing in the noonday sun, the river winding along its length, between groves of osier and lofty stores, or pinnaled churches, and tasteful private residences. The rich foliage of the trees which rose here and there along the road, and the bright green of the lawns and meadows that swept away along the borders and outskirts of the town, gave a freshness and softness to the whole landscape, which, amid the light and heat that filled the air, was most cheering and refreshing. Paddy felt the influence of the scene ; and with a buoyant step he descended into the widening basin which extended beyond the suburbs of the town. He crossed the Green, or market-place ; and was soon lost amid the labyrinth of the streets.

Winding his way, up one street, and down another, and across lanes and alleys, he arrived at length at Mill Street, a large and open thoroughfare. He passed on some few hundred yards up the street, until he reached a narrow passage or lane which opened on the right. He paused here, and looked around him ; but it was only for a moment. He turned up

the lane, which was scarcely wide enough to admit two persons abreast. But narrow as it was, it was rendered still more disagreeable to the wayfarer by a depression in the middle, along its whole length, which was paved with round stones, and intended for a gutter ; but it was now dry ; that is, so far as running water was concerned, for otherwise it formed a receptacle of filth and fluid that were exceedingly offensive.

He proceeded to about half-way up this lane, when he stopped at a closed door, painted green and brown, both colours being faded and dirty. This lane was evidently devoted to gentlemen of the goose and last ; for on either side there hung out, by the doors, various articles of wearing apparel ; there were shoes, chiefly old ones, coarse and dilapidated ; there were also coats, trousers, vests, and breeches, for the most part, old and broken also, but in some cases new, especially as regarded breeches. The respective manipulators of the various articles appeared at openings near the doors, plying their various trades ; these openings being intended for windows, though they had

neither sashes nor glass, but rough boards or shutters, which lay on one side, to be put up when the day closed.

Paddy stood near the green door for a few minutes gazing intently upon it. It was closed, as we have said ; and the window, or opening intended for a window, had its rough board up ; and no sign of life appeared within it or about it. He looked up at a four-paned window above the door ; three of whose panes were open, and the fourth closed with a square piece of brown paper. He coughed two or three times, with a sort of forced vehemence ; and then looked up again, when he beheld two grey slimy eyes, half-shaded with dirty black hair in wild disorder. Paddy bowed to the eyes, which immediately disappeared ; and shortly after the green door opened ; and he entered the residence of General Doherty.

The lady of the general—she of the eyes and hair—closed the door behind him ; and led him through a narrow passage to a rickety, dirty, and broken staircase ; which she ascended before him. She was a stout-limbed woman, with a short petticoat of dirty yellow, and a blue-

striped spenser that came to her hips, but was half-open in front. These two articles constituted her whole toilet. Her legs and feet were bare, and remarkably stout, rough, and dirty. Having reached the landing place above the stairs, after a few long strides, each of which covered two or three steps, they entered a doorway at the top, and found themselves in the presence of the general.

The lady immediately retired; and Paddy having exchanged cordial salutations with the general, took a seat beside him. The room was of a tolerable size, but very bare of furniture. It had a four-legged deal table, three broken chairs, and a long bench. One of its four walls was lined with men's apparel—coats, breeches and vests—and the remaining three were ornamented with, here and there, red and blue pictures without frames, and fastened in their places by small nails or tacks;—these pictures representing various battle scenes of various periods of the national history—such as the battle of Clontarf, the siege of Limerick, the battle of the Yellow Ford, and even the battle of the Boyne, in which King William was conspicuous on a red

horse; and King James on a blue horse etreating in the distance.

We must now present the general to our readers. He was a man of about forty-five years old; of the middle size; slight, thin, and wiry: his features were sharp and angular; his nose being especially remarkable, for it was bent in the middle, and twisted at the top towards the right cheek. His eyes were dark and small, and his eyebrows low and shaggy. His face altogether had a weazel-like expression; with a touch of daring, occasioned by the twist of the nose, which stamped him as a man peculiarly qualified to lead on the Army of Freedom in the face of the enemy. His hair, which was a little grey, was short and close and bristly; and tended in no little degree to intensify his warlike air. His body and limbs were light and supple, and smartly shaped. And altogether, he looked a man eminently fitted for the high position he occupied in the army of his country. He spoke smartly and well; his chief peculiarity being a nasal twang, occasioned probably by the twist in his nose. He was, of course, in his ordinary every-day dress, which was composed of a very tight blue

and plaid pantaloons, very old and patched; a red plaid waistcoat, fastened in front with a twine cord; and a fustian frock-coat, broken at the elbows, and greasy about the collar and sleeves. His feet were encased in broken slipper shoes, but without stockings.

Such was the external man. His history was a simple one. He never knew his father or mother; nor, indeed, was there ever any certain account as to who they were. It was said by some who pretended to know everything about him, that he was the son of a strolling player by some wandering fair one who frequented play-houses, and other places of gaiety; but this was regarded by others, of equal authority, as not correct, and a different history of his advent to life was given by them; and this again denied by others. The only facts that were clearly established were, that he was found, one fine spring morning, some forty-five years before his introduction to the reader, deposited in a small straw basket, lined with grass, at the gate of a farmer's yard in the vicinity of Corrigcastle. The farmer's name was Doherty. The serving-man, who had been

up early, heard the cry of the infant, and immediately taking it up, hurried into his master's kitchen, and laid it before the maid, who had just risen, and was engaged in tying up her hair with a string. She was shocked, as was natural, at the sight of a baby in a straw basket, with grass about it; and she clapped her hands, and cried, "*Shame!*" After that she looked at it, took it up, and weighed it; it was covered with a dirty woollen rag, which added considerably to its weight as she balanced it in her hands. She laid it in the basket again, and hurried away to her young mistress's bedroom, and told the news about the "nicest little cratur of a baby that you ever seen in your born days." Her young mistress expressed great astonishment, with an overpowering desire to see it; and so sprang from the bed, and hurried into the kitchen as she was, undressed, to see the "*dear little thing.*" Then other members of the family followed in due time, until the young stranger was nearly exhausted by his morning *levée*. But he was provided for in every way his necessities required; and after a time he was consigned to the care of an old

woman who lived in a cabin hard by the farmer's residence. He was christened Laurence Gate, partly after the place where he was found, and partly after the serving-man who had found him, whose name was Larry Drochan. But though he was christened Laurence Gate, he always went by the name of Larry Doherty, which latter name he carried with him into the proud elevation at which he had now arrived, of *General of the Ballydine Division of the Grand Army of Freedom*.

He grew up a smart boy, and in due time was sent, by Farmer Doherty, to a school in the town of Corrigcastle. Here he was kept until he was able to read and write and cipher; when the farmer took him into his own house, and appointed him to the care of his sheep, and to other employments suitable to his age. But Larry's ambition had already commenced to ferment, and instead of attending to the sheep or to any other charge entrusted to him, he devoted his rising genius to the study of patriotic ballads; and of *Watty Cox's Journal*, which literary production he had possessed himself of while at school. The farmer finding that

his young *protegé* was but ill-adapted for rural life, thought well to bind him to a tailor in the town of Corrigcastle, and thither he was sent accordingly. He served his seven years, became a journeyman to another tailor in the same town, and after a time married this tailor's daughter;—the same lady who had received Paddy Larkin, as we have stated.

While Larry was serving his time, and afterwards when he became a journeyman, he had ample opportunity of improving his patriotism, and perfecting his literary acquisitions in the field of song and of Watty Coxism. Indeed, to do them justice, the sons of the shears in the town of Corrigcastle, were not behindhand with any other grade or class of men in the town, or perhaps in any town of Ireland. They read O'Connel's (Dan, they used to call him, by way, we suppose, of making him their own,) they read his speeches regularly; and Shiel's too, though they often found difficulty in arriving at the meaning of some of his oratorical flights; and in such cases, Larry was their man. They gloried in *Watty Cox's Journal*, because it abused every one that was wealthy

or exalted, but above all, the members of Government; and called them by the most curious names, such as "robbers," "thieves," "cut-throats," "slingers," "whackers," "buzzards," and advised every man who wished Ireland free to put an end to them all as soon as possible. In fact, they were a very learned class of men in the department of patriotism. They could all make speeches, and did make them at the public meetings that took place from time to time, as well as at their private gatherings. It was no wonder then that Larry improved his stock of school knowledge; and that, in addition to the reading, and writing, and ciphering, he gathered up for future use a large amount of loose learning in the field of Irish agitation. He knew all about the great heroes of ancient times, such as Neil of the nine hostages, Con of the hundred battles, Cormac Ulfada, Fin-Mac-Cumhal, Oisin and the Fianne Eirinn; and as for *Red Hugh*, and the *O'Donnells*, he was hand-in-glove with them. He was great at penmanship; and, indeed, if the secret must be told, this was the talisman which first called forth his lofty genius in the

sphere of patriotism. There was no one to be found who could at all compare with him in flourishes, for he began and ended every word with a flourish, and at the termination of every sentence he flung a trellis-work of flourishes around it. On this he built his prognostics of future greatness; for he felt that it was impossible that such a high gift could have been conferred upon him without a high purpose; and that God must have intended him for mighty achievements. And he reasoned well, for he said,—

“I have the gift of flourishing, and that brought on the gift of writing proclamations; and put that and that together, and *there’s* the gift of being General of the Army of Freedom, proved to you in a jiffy.”

That was his mode of reasoning, and who can doubt its force?

Having now presented this distinguished patriot and man of gifts to the reader, we shall endeavour to record the substance of the interview between himself and Paddy Larkin, his second in command.

“And how are things looking, up your way?” he asked, after having reviewed the

general features of Whitefeetism, and its promising aspect; "how does everything look?"

"There's some flops among 'em, but nothin' to speak of;" was the reply.

"I tell you what it is, Mr. Larkin, we must cut off all rotten branches, and put 'em in the burning. I give you the Scripture for it. Keep a clean roll, no doubt-fuls—all ready for the word when 'tis given. You understand me. Red Hugh always kept his men in hand, and charged home at the proper moment,—

And up the green flag flew ;
And sabres flash'd to view ;
And shouts of patriots rose ;
Then noble was the stand ;
'The onset fierce and grand,
And quick and hard the blows.

Hurra ! the day is ours ;—
And by Jove's thundering powers
We'll take our own to-day.
Long years our fathers pray'd
'To have *their* ranks array'd .
As *ours* this day,—Hurra !

That's the way, sir, to do it. Our first plan is to weed all suspicious characters out of our body; and there are various

ways of doing that—I needn't refer to them now, beyond saying, *dead men tell no tales*. Well, sir, our next plan is to take an account of our enemies in each section of each division; and to tell off the number of men necessary to do the work of each section. These must be your boldest men. Inferior men, such as the old, the timid, the tender-hearted, must keep on the outskirts, as signal-bearers. Thirdly, sir, when orders are given by me for any particular attack, just by way of trying our men, and bringing 'em into practice, teaching 'em as you might say, to smell powdher, you are to inform me of the position and strength of the police barracks in your section, and also of the houses of the gentry—those cormorants who feed upon our vitals.—Lay it on the table there, Mrs. Doherty."

These last words were addressed to his lady who had just entered the room, holding a black bottle in one hand, and a small gallipot in the other. As soon as she placed these two articles on the table, as directed, she retired. The general then took up the broken thread of his remarks, and went on:—

“Yes, sir, I say they feed upon our vitals. Who are *they*? I ask any man. Are they not our inferiors in every respect, in genealogy, in patriotism, in brightness of liberty. *We* are the true Milesian stock, and none of your whitewashed usurpers of a nation’s rights. *They* are the cormorants, *we* are the sons of the soil, created to uplift our country, and to adorn it, and to send the fire of freedom through every nook and crevice of the land. Here, let us drink to a speedy resurrection of our country.”

And he filled the gallipot with whiskey from the black bottle, and raised it to his lips. But as he was in the act of drinking, the door flew back on its one hinge, and three men, covered with rags and grime, entered. Having drunk, he laid the gallipot on the table, and rose to greet the new-comers.

“Welcome, Lieutenant,” he said, shaking a stout, one-eyed lout by the hand, “welcome, friends, sit down, sit down. No ceremony; come, thry that stuff; thry it at once. ’Tis not to be sneezed at I tell you. Fill out men, that’s you. Come, thry that, Larkin.

They all helped themselves, and he again commenced to descant on the "glorious prospect that was opening for the country."

After some time he said, in allusion to a remark made by one of the new-comers.

"We'll be all ready, I think, by the time the harvest is all gathered in. Our commissariat will then be in a fair train; abundance will surround us everywhere, and nothing can interrupt our triumph. I tell you, gentlemen, that a good and abundant commissariat is the pivot for a successful rising. Without that, nothing could avail."

"I believe you, general—the staff of life for ever," observed one of the men, a lean, raw-boned fellow, with one leg of his trousers split up to the knee, and his coat hanging in shreds from his shoulders. "There's nothin' to be compared wid full and plenty. And for the matter o' that, I 'ud like to see the man that could fight fair and hearty widout a full belly. That's what I calls the pint o' th' argument."

"Hould your tongue, you *buddagh* (a selfish beggar); the man that 'udn't fight

for his counthry and religion widout sich feedin' isn't worth a straw," interrupted another ; a short, bowlegged dwarf, with knee-breeches, and slouched straw hat.

The other replied in angry tones ; and then a babel of voices rose in such confusion of intonation as rendered it impossible to arrive at any definite conclusion as to whether or not the majority of voices were for or against a full belly in the battle field of their country.

However, after a little order had been restored, the general said,—

“Gentlemen, there can be no failure in the commissariat department, because every man will have ample time and opportunity to refresh himself in the farmer's houses while the campaign lasts. There'll be plenty and to leave ; and when the counthry is our own, as it will be, no doubt, in the first campaign—and for the matther o' that, it may be won in the first battle—then, gentlemen, the whole counthry will be our commissariat.—

The field is all our own,—
The tyrants all are flown,
And Freedom is triumphant once more ;

Now raise your voices high
Till they echo in the sky
And resound, and rebound from the shore.
Then in castles we shall dwell,—
Oh, ye cabins, fare ye well !
For Milesians are triumphant to-day, to-day
Then send the bottle round ;—
Let merriment abound
For we're lords of the soil again, hurra !”

All rose, and raised their voices to swell the chorus of the song, as the general sent it forth with all the power of his iron lungs, aided by his nasal diapason.

Having again resumed their seats, the man with the slit trousers said, that “ ’twould be right to reg’late the liquor ’efore commencin’ the war, since a man couldn’t begin right widout his liquor.”

The man whom the general addressed as lieutenant, objected to this proposition ; and suggested that “ no liquor should be given out until the day was won, and then every man might plaise hisself, drink or no drink, accordin’ to fancy.”

Each having delivered his opinion upon this point, it was put to the vote ; when it was carried by a majority of one, that liquor should be given out on the morning of the battle, that is, the *first*, and, as it

was manifest to all present, the *only* battle necessary for the overthrow of the enemy ; and after then every man might drink as much as he liked.

The general then said that it was only right to put the other question, namely, that regarding the full or empty belly during the fight ; so that every decision might appear fairly on the books. Upon this point, therefore, each pressed his own views, the man with the split trousers vehemently insisting on the full belly ; while he of the bowlegs as vehemently maintained the contrary. The vote was taken ; and the full belly proposition was carried almost unanimously, Bowlegs only dissenting.

The black bottle, which had been replenished by the general's lady, was again appealed to by all present in confirmation of their undying attachment to the great cause, and their determination to die or conquer.

The lieutenant became a little uproarious, and sang forcibly ; placing a fierce emphasis upon the words, *blood, death, tyrants, squelch, slaughter*, which occurred frequently in the song.

Split-trousers and Bowlegs, too, gave specimens of their vocal talents ; the former in an amorous strain of the most pathetic description, in which he was always *dying* and *fainting* for his true love, and recovering only to *die* and *faint* for her again. The latter, however, did not seem altogether so forlorn ; for although love was his theme, he was neither *dying* nor *fainting* for his *Amoretta*, but was always ready to drink and fight for her sake, "*purvided she was lyal.*"

Our friend, Paddy Larkin, the *Agitan General*, was rather silent throughout the whole sitting ; for he felt that it was his business to hear opinions, and receive instructions, rather than to offer any ; being impressed with the conviction, that could never be shaken for a moment, that "*the town patriots* were the most enlightened, and at the same time the most conversant with every thing that was going forward at head-quarters."

On that account he generally preserved silence in the presence of such high authority ; and only put himself forward, and assumed a prominent position when in company with rustic patriots, whose dark-

ness he felt it to be his province to illumine.

The *full and empty belly* question, as well as that of *giving out liquor* on the morning of the opening of the campaign, were now disposed of, and entered on the minutes' for the general kept a large blank book, suspended on the wall among the wearing apparel, devoted to the business of the society, of which he was the head; and in this he entered, amid a labyrinth of flourishes, the minutes of every meeting that took place—that is, of every regular meeting, himself being present, such as that over which he now presided. According to the prescribed rules, five members, including the general, were only necessary to form a quorum for the despatch of business; and, as it will be observed, the *legal five* were present on this occasion, viz. the General, presiding; Paddy Larkin, Agitan General; the Lieutenant, Split-trousers, and Bowlegs.

Paddy Larkin's instructions—those given by the general before the other three men had come in—were also regularly submitted to the meeting, approved of, and recorded in the regular way. Nothing

further was discussed, save the liquor remaining at the bottom of the black bottle ; and this being disposed of they all rose to depart. A disputation, however, took place before they reached the lower door, as to the impropriety of parting without having another bottle. But before this was concluded Paddy Larkin had taken leave of the general, and left the house.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF FAIRBOROUGH—
THEY TAKE A DEEP INTEREST IN THE FOR-
TUNES OF HERBERT GRANVILLE.

ON the morning of the day following that on which Herbert and Miss Moore had had their trysting at the Druid's Altar, he and his sister determined, after breakfast, to pay a visit to Fairborough House. Julia went to her room to prepare her toilet for the visit, and Herbert took a round in the garden with his uncle Ben, in order to have a quiet chat about such things as interested them most, and in reference to which they had made some passing observations during the time of breakfast.

Having entered the garden, they passed along one of the walks, admiring the fruit trees, with their rich burden of blooming

apples, pears, plums, and peaches; and talking carelessly of the various species of fruit, their relative value, and merits.

“I remember well,” observed Uncle Ben, “the time when these pear trees were planted. I was then a young man, Herbert—a very young man—and looked on the world with a bounding spirit. Well! what a difference time brings about in a man. At that time I fancied within myself that I could accomplish anything I set my mind upon; and the great difficulty with me was, as to what career I should set myself at. My prospects were bright, nay dazzling. The Army, the Navy, the Bar, the Church, all lay open before me; and what added to the charms of all, was that I had a handsome income, in my own right, which relieved the prospect, in each case, of that drudgery which mere dependence upon a profession presents to one’s view. I could enjoy the glory, without the absolute subserviency of any profession I might choose to adopt. It was a gay, buoyant time with me. All promise, splendour, and loveliness. Well, such in general, is the nature of early life; especially with such as me, placed as I was

on that delightful elevation of life, not too high, but just high enough, to behold the beautiful and glowing scene around me, and to feel secure against any storm of adversity that might blow over it. Your fortune hasn't been as favourable as mine was, at your age, Herbert; but, look here, my dear boy; it may, after all, be quite as well with you; for you are, at least, saved from that hesitation—that procrastination of action, so to speak, which was the bane of my life. I was too easy, too happy in my circumstances to apply my mind earnestly and determinately to any one career, or to any one object. I luxuriated in my position; and flattered myself that at any moment I pleased I might be anything that the impulse of that moment might suggest to my imagination. Thus I lingered on, living in the passing hour, and for the passing hour, until time began to abate my blood, and I began to think that a country life after all, with the chase and the revel, would answer all the purposes of happiness. Another influence began to operate upon me—but—ay.”

His voice became soft and low, and he

hesitated for a few seconds, turning towards one of the fruit trees, and drawing his open palm three or four times over his face. Then he resumed.

“Yes, I was saying that other influences operated upon me at the time. Herbert, I loved. She was beautiful as the dawn. I can see her now, as she once used to smile when I approached her. Happiness shone in her eyes; as for her person, it was cast in the mould of grace and beauty. I never met one whose manners affected me so much; she was gay, without folly, gentle without pretension, generous without ostentation. Do you know, my dear boy, that Fanny Moore comes nearer to her than any one I have ever known. That’s a sweet girl. If I were young to-morrow, I should love that girl, and make her mine. Ay,—that is,—if I could forget her who is now sleeping in the last resting place of her fathers. But, I couldn’t *forget her*. *No! never! never!* She left in my heart that which can never be rooted out,—love, undying love. I’m an old man now; and yet, though you will think it strange, my love for *her* is as fresh as blooming as in my early manhood when

first she planted it in this breast. 'Tis calmer, 'tis more solemn, 'tis holier, perhaps; but 'tis as true, as faithful, as fixed as at first. Let us sit here awhile."

They had reached the summer-house by this time; and turning in, they sat upon the lower bench, shaded by the trellis-work, and the flowers and the trees that drooped around it.

"Uncle," said Herbert, after a long pause, during which he played with some of the flowers and leaves at his side—"Uncle, you say that you like Miss Moore; and that she resembles one whom you once loved, and love still. What would you say if I told you that *I love her*?"

Uncle Ben turned his eyes slowly round upon his nephew, whose face was now brightened by a sudden rush of blood which his confession called forth; and looking calmly and complacently at him for a few seconds, answered,—

"I would say that you are a boy according to your uncle's heart; and that a better, a worthier, a wiser choice you could not make. Herbert, this is not the first time that the idea passed in my mind that you and Fanny Moore would do well

together ; not that I thought there was love there ; and yet why hadn't I thought it ? Nothing could be more reasonable than to think that two like you and she should love each other. But I am glad now that it is so. Nothing could be better. You shall have my most hearty good wishes and services in forwarding your views and hers. But let me think. Ay, George Moore will object, of course ; not on any high ground—oh, no ; he couldn't do that. Ho, ho ! the blood of the Granvilles and of the Browns too is too high for that : but he will object on the ground of your want of property. Well, well ; we shall consider all that. You are both young ; no need of haste : we shall see all about that. Now, there's brother Felix—he has a fine property in Canada ; he has property in this country too. I shouldn't like you to settle altogether in Canada, though it is a fine country to live in ; and will be in time one of the finest countries of the world. Yet, I don't see why the Granvilles should spin themselves out of the country of their fathers. There is no necessity in the case. Could not Felix sell out there ? Well, we shall see. Lord Fairborough is our friend ;

he is yours : he is, I know, anxious to have you settle down here, that is, after a time ; at present, perhaps, nothing of importance could be done in the way of enlarging the property here. If it hadn't been for that base scoundrel, Croker, I have no doubt that Lord Milford would have never acted in the way he did. God knows what that villain said to disparage you in his Lordship's eyes ; but, no matter, all will come right yet."

Here the old gentleman paused, and became absorbed in reflection, evidently on the conduct of Bartley Croker, and the consequences that flowed from it.

Herbert noticing this, and wishing to withdraw his uncle's mind from so disagreeable a subject, said,—

"Uncle, are you aware that Harry Moore is an admirer of Julia ? He has told me so much : and Julia herself, when I twitted her about it, did not deny that there was more than an ordinary friendship subsisting between herself and Harry. I am glad of it myself, for Harry is an admirable fellow, and true as the sun. I know no one whom I should desire so much as a husband for Julia ; not so much for

his property, though that is as fine as any around us here; but his fine character, his sterling qualities, his upright conduct, his high-toned principles—these are what I value more than any thing else.”

The old gentleman listened to this intelligence with apparent interest; and, when Herbert had ceased speaking, he said,—

“No; I never thought of that, but I like Harry Moore; he is all that you say of him. He is a young man whom I have never known to stoop to anything low or mean. He has always borne himself proudly, yet modestly. Ha, ha, I have been frequently amused with his contemptuous and just treatment of that nincompoop, Whitmore:—ha! ha! ha!—Whitmore, you see, Herbert, is an empty-headed and ridiculous booby; he is vain and boisterous; but what is worse, he adds to these foolish qualities low, base, cunning, deception, treachery, and falsehood. He has, I protest, every bad quality that I can enumerate. I think he would *steal*. Ha! ha! ha! Well, that’s shocking to say, to be sure; but, you see, I entertain a very bad opinion of him. He has sprung badly,

Herbert, he has sprung badly. But never mind. What's that?—ay, ay; Julia, you say, is admired by Harry Moore; very well, so she ought. Julia, my dear boy, is fit to be the wife of any man in the land. She is the image of her grandmother, that is, of my mother; and that *was* a woman, Herbert. I don't believe Ireland could boast her superior in any one respect that I know of as regards the qualities of a lovely and accomplished woman. Yes, *she* was a woman. Faith, Herbert, she was fit for a prince. And so is Julia, because Julia is her image. Very well, Harry Moore and herself would just suit; and so they shall if Julia says yes. What does Julia say? I mean, does she like him?"

"I have no doubt of it," was the reply.

"Very well," continued Uncle Ben, "we shall see to it in due time. His father and I are old friends; we shall agree, depend upon it; but his wife, she is a woman not exactly to my mind. Those Credans of Mooloch were always a cold, calculating, self-seeking family. Good blood, though; good blood. And that is the difficulty with me in understanding their somewhat groveling character. There must have been a

bad cross somewhere, though I am not aware. And hang it, the father, that is, Mrs. Moore's father was above all meanness. Yes, the Moores, my boy, are as the gushing waters of a mountain rock, pure and undefiled through the whole line; pure at the fountain, pure everywhere. Ha! there is Julia; you had better go."

Herbert, whose eyes had been cast down, while his uncle was going on with his genealogies, had not noticed Julia until she had approached by a side walk within a few yards of the summer-house, when uncle Ben attracted his attention to her. He had scarce uttered the exclamation of recognition when she sprang into the summer-house with an elastic bound, and standing erect before her uncle, asked,—

"How do you like me now, uncle? Don't you think I am a little improved since you saw me last?"

"By Jove, if I were a young man, and you not my niece," replied Uncle Ben, "I should have a passage of arms with you."

"And fondly should I fly to your arms,—you being my uncle though," gaily retorted Julia.

"Ha! ha! ha! well said, well said, you

baggage," was the rejoinder; "now, get away with you both. There, dear, go now;" and he kissed her cheek.

They immediately left the garden, and passed into the lawn; where uncle Ben parted with the young people, and proceeded towards the rear of the house in the direction of the farm-yard.

Herbert and Julia returned to the house for half an hour, after which they passed out into the lawn again, and down the avenue leading to the outer gate, where their servant and gig awaited them. Having taken their seats in the gig they ordered the servant to drive towards Fairborough Park. They drove on to the Cross, and passed down the road leading to Corrigcastle. Having proceeded for about half a mile on this road they turned to the left, on the road leading to the town of Cushport, leaving the Corrigcastle road on their right. This road, which was broad and smooth, wound along through a country abounding in agricultural wealth and rural luxuriance. The fields, smiling in verdure, or waving in golden beauty, lay smiling on either side, bathed in the mellow sunshine. The hedges, flanked with oaks and elms,

which flung their huge arms across the road on either side, and formed a deep shade overhead, sent out their varied fragrance from whitethorn and sweet-briar, and honey-suckle, and other odorous shrubs, making the air redolent of perfume; while the sheep and cattle, browsing or reclining along the fields and beside the hedge rows, gave life and animation to the scene. Farm-houses and rustic cottages lay scattered here and there, along the way; and occasional villages peeped out from their seclusion in some retired nook at the turn of a by-road, forming by their whitewashed gables and piers and chimneys an agreeable contrast to the rich and glowing green of the foliage that embowered them.

On they went, amid the luxuriant and laughing scene for a distance of two miles, when they reached a road which swept around the demesne of Fairborough. They passed along this road, leaving to the right that on which they had hitherto travelled, until they came to two branch roads. They turned to the left, and immediately saw before them the main entrance to the park, guarded by large iron gates, enclosed between piers of brown cut stone, tall and

massive. Rows of fir and ash flung their long shadows across the large square of flowering turf that formed the approach to the gates. They passed up this square till they reached the lodge, where they alighted. The keeper of the lodge came out, and threw open one of the side gates, according to Herbert's wish, for he did not intend to take the gig into the park, but to go on foot, sending the gig and man to the neighbouring village until an hour which he named, by which time he expected to be back at the lodge again. He and Julia then passed in, and crossed over the park, in the direction of the mansion, which lay at about the distance of a mile from the gates.

The scene presented to their notice was rich and varied. The park itself was very extensive, containing perhaps a thousand acres or more; in the centre of which, upon a gentle elevation, stood the mansion, which was a square massive structure, flanked on either side with other erections of lighter and more graceful aspect, the whole forming the three sides of a square. Along the two sides of this square, which ran at right angles with the main building,

or mansion proper, were planted rows of laurel, bay, cypress, and other trees and shrubs ; and on either side of the main walk leading up the square towards the front of the mansion a fountain flung its jet into the air, which sparkled in the sun and cast back its sprays upon the green turf. This square was intersected with white-sanded walks, forming smaller squares and parallelograms, circles, and other figures interspersed with knots of various flowers ; and was enclosed in front by a low iron paling painted white, and twisted into a variety of shapes. The mansion, with all its surroundings, its squares, avenues, gardens, shrubberies, and walks, presented to the eye an object of surpassing grandeur and beauty. The mansion and demesne occupied a central position in the vale of Orma ; hence a person taking a stand at a point near the mansion could take in an extensive view of varied scenery, sweeping away on every side, and diversified by plain, hill, glen, and dale. The whole was studded with villages, farm-houses, and gentlemen's seats, and bounded in the distance by mountains that swelled upwards from the vale, tier after tier, until they disappeared in the

clouds. Altogether the scene was such as could scarcely be equalled, most certainly not surpassed in any part of the world, for beauty of outline, richness of aspect, depth of colouring, and variety of natural grace. It was a scene on which angels might look down, and rejoice in the work of their Creator. It was redolent of happiness ; for nothing seemed ajar throughout the entire expanse of scenery ; and heaven appeared as if breathing the kiss of peace upon its brow.

Herbert and Julia, as we have said, passed into the park, and bent their steps in the direction of the mansion. The deer moved in stately groups beneath the spreading beeches that studded the velvet plain around them. The wild duck and widgeon sported along the margins of the mimic lakes whose sparkling waters flashed here and there upon their view, from amid the osier and willow clumps that fringed them. The hare and rabbit frolicked and frisked in the open spaces beside the tall fern and bramble thickets. The fox peeped out from the hazel covert, and looking around him for a moment, scampered along the edge of the birch-fringed canal until

he disappeared amid the furze and heath that crowned the mound beyond. The woodcock and plover, and other birds of varying plumage, displayed their colours in the sun, or flapped their wings in the brooklet, and spread a mimic shower around them. The whole scene was alive around and about them as they passed slowly along, admiring each point of interest, and expatiating on the varied charms which greeted their senses.

“What a paradise is this!” exclaimed Julia, as they had crossed the deer field, and were entering into another large, wide-spreading lawn, fringed with tall fir and pine, and diversified with copses of birch and willow, and musical with the murmur of waters flowing in their winding channels; “What a paradise is this!”

“Yes,” replied Herbert, “it is indeed an earthly paradise; but not unbecoming those whom God has placed in it.”

“I know, I know,” observed Julia; “Lady Fairborough is a very, very good woman. Oh, how kind to the poor, and how gentle and benevolent to all who approach her. Do you know, Herbert, that I have always thought that heaven had

stamped its own peculiar mark upon her countenance. Have you noticed the pure sweet light that ever beams in it, as if no other thought than that which is steeped in the pure benevolence of heaven had ever entered into her heart. And her voice,—how sweet and low ! It passes into your soul like a stream of music from the clouds,—soft, gradual, almost unfelt, until you are filled with the charm. Oh ! how my bosom warms when I see her ;—and do you know, that with that exquisite delight which comes upon me when I meet her, there is mixed a kind of melancholy—I scarcely know what to call it—but a something as if I feared that she was not destined by heaven to remain long upon earth. There is a languor of bearing and expression about her which always brings this feeling to my heart. Oh, Herbert, how sad, how sad if any thing should happen to her !”

“I have always noticed that,” replied Herbert ; “there is a certain languor of look and delicacy of constitution about her, which would lead one to believe that her life would not be a long one. But yet there may be nothing in that. Very often

we find that persons cast in a delicate or fine mould possess more of lasting vitality than those of a coarser type. I trust, indeed—most heartily do I hope—that her life will be prolonged, as a blessing to all connected with her. For his lordship's sake I should regret her death—I should regret it for the sake of the poor. In fact it would be a source of regret to every one who has come within the sphere of her benevolence. May God grant that her life be prolonged, and that all suffering be far from her! Have you ever observed, Julia, what a similarity there is in the nature, if I may so call it, of the earl and the countess, as well as in their manners?"

"Yes," replied Julia, "I have always admired that. And is it not beautiful, Herbert? They seem to be so much of one mind, and one heart; and, the best of it is, that all their thoughts and feelings flow in the channel of good nature. They appear never to differ on that point. He is so tenderly kind and considerate, and so forgetful of himself in his desire to serve and please others. I am sure I should feel very, very sorry that any grief should come

to him. And I believe he would fret himself to death if anything happened to the countess. Oh, they are such a dear, dear couple."

"Look! look!" interrupted Herbert, turning his face towards a point of the landscape on the left of them, and pointing his hand to it at the same time. She stopped speaking, and looked off in the direction he pointed at.

"Oh, beautiful!" she exclaimed; "how very beautiful!"

The section of the landscape on which their eyes now rested lay to the north and west; and formed that portion of the demesne which extended towards the mountains above Ballydine. Ballydine itself, with the adjacent villages, was embraced in this view, which was certainly striking and beautiful. The demesne lay stretched out in soft folds in the direction pointed out; swelling into graceful elevations, dotted with trees and white farm-houses, or depressed into winding glens that lay half-concealed amid the rich foliage which surrounded them. The immediate prospect was bounded by the sloping and graceful hills which nestled in the bosom of the

mountains that swelled beyond and above the whole scene.

“Well,” observed Herbert, “there are some less charming scenes than that in the world. In what part of this globe could one seek a spot more calculated to fill the heart with peace, or to turn it to a sweeter contemplation of the goodness and beneficence of the Creator! Julia, I could live and die here, without a thought of anything beyond it, without a disturbing thought. I could feel happy and blessed here—here within the scene where I was born, and where I first learned to know and to bless the name of Him who has placed us upon this little planet to serve and to obey Him, and to join Him, after a time, in His own bright realm above yonder clouds. But I am getting a little poetical. However, it is to me a great source of happiness to contemplate the works of God, and to trace His greatness, and wisdom, and love amid the magnitude and splendours of His creation. I cannot help this feeling, it is my delight, my supreme happiness.”

“And who does not feel so?” observed Julia, “I do, I know; but I never can

give expression to my feelings in the presence of the grand and beautiful works of Nature. They seem to overpower me, and to stop my tongue, as it were, in the attempt to say what I feel and what I think. I should like to be a poet," she continued, playfully taking Herbert's arm, and looking archly into his eyes, "I should like to be a poet, for then I could tell what I felt, and thus relieve my mind from the pressure of my thoughts. What a delightful thing it is to be able to paint, as it were, the sensations which rise in one's mind at the contemplation of God's works, and of His infinite goodness. To tell, in sweet and shining verse, the beauties and the charms of such scenes as those around us now, would be a delightful task. How I should like to perform such a task if the gift were mine. Herbert! you must do this; for *you can*. I do not know any poet whose verses please me so much as yours. They are so sweet, and smooth, and shining. Ah! well, I do not mean to flatter you. But you are not, or, at least, you seem not to be conscious of your own gifts."

Herbert smiled, and said that he was aware he possessed poetic feeling, and could even turn a verse, but yet he did not flatter himself with the idea that he possessed the *divinus afflatus* so essential to the formation of a true poet.

By this time they had arrived in front of the mansion. The picture before and around them was grand, chaste, and beautiful. The main building in its magnificent proportions, plain, but massive and imposing, with its long flight of broad stairs leading to the hall-door, and its lofty roof crowned with statues in armour, rose proudly in front; adorned on either side with a long row of light and elegantly ornamental structures, shaded by a variety of dark green and flowering shrubs. The expansive area, with its green turf, and labyrinth of white-sanded walks bordered with flowers of every hue, and its two fountains shooting their silvery waters into the air, and sprinkling with dew the turf and flowers around them; the broad walks, bordered and shaded with bright and sweet-smelling shrubs and trees, that swept around the mansion in varied and graceful curves,

offering at every point new and imposing views of the mansion and its surroundings, the sky above, with its bright blue, lightly streaked with yellow cloud; and the air filled with light, and twinkling in the meridian heat; all these combined to create in their bosoms a thrill of delight, which Julia endeavoured to express by the simple exclamation,—

“Oh! how heavenly!”

They entered the area, or square in front of the mansion, through a small gate in the paling that enclosed it, and passed up the middle walk between the two fountains, until they reached the steps that led to the hall-door. They ascended these, and stood upon the landing. Here again they turned their eyes to the scene in front, and to the widening landscape beyond, and felt new raptures springing within them: for, from the elevated spot on which they now stood, the landscape seemed to unfold itself, and to display to their view charms that had before lain concealed. They paused for a time to drink in the new delights, and then touched the bell. A servant in livery immediately appeared, and con-

ducted them into the hall. Here they stood for a few minutes to cast their eyes over the various paintings which decorated the walls. These were displayed in massive gilt frames stained by the hand of time, and represented various members of the Fairborough family for centuries back; some in the decrepitude of old age; some in majesty and vigour of advanced manhood; some in the fire and elasticity of youth; and some in the soft and playful grace of childhood. None of the living family were represented there.

The Earl and Countess were at home; and Herbert and Julia were shown into the reception room. Here they sat for about five minutes, when his lordship and her ladyship entered the room together. They expressed their great pleasure at seeing their friends; and the countess complimented Julia upon her looks, which she designated as the "very picture of health."

She then inquired after her mother and uncle, and her young brother; and said,—

"I am so happy to hear she is well. She has suffered so much of late days, that

I feared much her health might give way."

While she was thus speaking, she walked with Julia across the room to a window which looked out on a flower garden in the rear of the mansion. The Earl and Herbert sat at a table near the centre of the room, and were soon engaged in serious conversation.

"I have spoken," his lordship was going on to say, "to the Colonial Minister about that matter of yours, for I feel a deep interest in the thing, and he assures me that I shall have the first suitable appointment that offers in the colonies. But what I wish is this, that the appointment be in Canada, for, rely upon it, there is none of the colonies like it. My dear Herbert, look at the country, its geographical position, its limitless area; its thousand resources; ay, and its climate, too, for whatever they say about the rigour of the climate of Canada, it is highly favourable to health and longevity. Believe no one who speaks the contrary; for I know it from the best authority, some old friends of mine who passed many years there. And, by-the-bye, your

uncle, Colonel Brown, would be a further inducement for you to settle there for a time. But, look here, Herbert; I don't wish you to settle finally in Canada, or any where else out of Ireland. I trust to something else for you. I only wish I had something on my own estate here for you; but, looking in that direction I can do nothing at present, that is to say.

“Ah! now that I think of it,” he continued, after a pause, “that strange—buffoon I must call him—Whitmore, I mean; he has been with me on matters connected with the county; and amongst other things, he stated that the Whitefeet were about to rise, and throw the country into disorder. And what do you think he stated?—but, I conjecture, he shall not soon forget my reply to him. Why, he stated, coolly and deliberately, that you were deeply engaged in this society—that you were, in fact, one of its leaders. I turned upon him at once, and said to him, that I should sooner suspect himself a favourer of it than you. Ho! how the dastard winced! I merely mention this to you *en passant*. You shall take no notice of him—he is

beneath a gentlemen's notice. I must say that I could never endure that man; he is so absurd, and at the same time so malicious."

"I assure your lordship," observed Herbert, "I never recognize him at all, that is, I pass him by civilly, but no more. I know him well; and knowing him, I treat him as I say. As to the society of Whitefeet, I regard them as being wholly incapable of effecting any purpose that would go to the overthrow of the existing order of things, but yet they are capable of doing much mischief; and in this point of view they ought to be suppressed. I have used, and am using my influence in that direction—that is, so far as inculcating upon every person likely to be connected with or led into this combination, the folly and criminality of their course."

"Come, now, Herbert, I hope you are not going to defend yourself against the charge of that loyal slanderer and buffoon. You need no defence, or just as much as I do. I assure you, I shouldn't be surprised if he charged myself with disloyalty. I think him fit for anything that might serve his own selfish ends, no matter how

treacherous and base. At sessions and at county meetings he never loses sight of himself and his own ends, no matter what the subject in hand may be. We are all sick of him. And the fellow is so impenetrable that he doesn't feel when he is snubbed. But a truce to further conversation about so unworthy a subject."

His lordship then adverted to political matters, and to the Repeal Agitation, which we shall leave himself and Herbert to discuss, while we turn our attention to the Countess and Julia, and endeavour to catch the conversation that is passing between them.

"I do like him very much," Julia was going on to say in reply to some observation of the countess, "I *cannot* deny that, nor *do* I; but otherwise there is nothing to warrant the report of our marriage."

"But, my dear Julia," observed the countess, "young Mr. Moore is a very excellent young man; my husband thinks much of him; and he knows him intimately, so that I should like dearly to see you both married. Come, now; you

and he must be married : and mind I shall be a bridesmaid."

She smiled and shook her head playfully as she uttered these last words. She then continued,—

"I should like so much to see you comfortably situated, and I'm sure your dear mother must feel a great deal of anxiety about your future welfare, as well as that of your brother. But my husband takes a very serious interest in Herbert's welfare ; and I am quite sure he will be able to do something for him. So that after all the clouds shall disperse, and ye will all be happy yet."

"I thank your ladyship," said Julia, "for your kind wishes. I am aware of the earl's desire to serve my brother ; and I have no doubt that his lordship will do all that he can to effect his object in that respect. My mother is very anxious that he should remain at home, if it were possible, she can't bear the idea of his leaving Ireland. But, then, there appears to be no prospect for him here."

"Oh, dear," observed the countess, "something may be done for him here. I don't know, but I am sure my husband

would wish it. However," she continued with a smile, and a quiet motion of the head, "we shall leave Herbert in the earl's hands; he knows what to do. And now, let me ask you, how are the poor people up at Ballydine? Are they free from want? I sent up some clothing there, to the school teacher, a few days ago, to distribute amongst such as needed it, especially the poor children; a little summer clothing, you know. It is well to have the little girls kept at school, and for that purpose, I thought it was desirable that they should have some nice clean clothing."

"I have seen some of the children," replied Julia, "and noticed their dresses. They looked very neat indeed. I visited the school on two occasions last week; and the teacher showed me some of the clothing which she was then making up. The children were quite delighted with their presents. As to the poor people generally about Ballydine they appear to be free from any want. They have employment in the fields, and their gardens are productive."

"I am delighted to hear that," said the

countess; "it makes one feel so comfortable to know that the poor are not suffering. Ah! yes; you know that poor woman, Dreelin?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Oh, dear," continued the countess, "what strange observations she does make, and her dress and appearance are so careless. The last day we were up at Ballydine, she came out at the Cross there to speak with us, and she said to my husband that—that—I cannot recall the expressions she made use of; but they were to the effect that there was to be an insurrection, or something of that nature, and that the poor people should not be longer trampled upon by the rich and the proud. And her gestures were so menacing. Sir Michael Carey, who was with us, said that she was a silly but harmless woman, and that she did not know what she was saying. I have myself spoken with her on other occasions, and she did not show such angry feelings; at all events, she has a carelessness about her that I do not like."

"There is really no harm in her," observed Julia, "I know her very in-

timately. She is frequently employed at our place, and is a hard-working woman. She is very honest and industrious, though of strange speech and manners. Mamma has known her from her early youth, and says that she was always a little eccentric in her manners, but good-natured and kind-hearted."

"Ah, now; well I am glad to hear that," observed the countess; "indeed, I rather thought so much myself. How difficult it is sometimes to understand some of these poor people! Though, for myself, I must say that I have found them, generally, well mannered and inoffensive; and, above all things, grateful for any little services I have done them. But, my dear, after all, we must not be too exacting with the poor people; their lot is a trying one, and hard to bear; but God 'tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.' We must be considerate to one another; and do what we can to lighten each other's burdens."

By this time the Earl and Herbert had risen from their places, the former laughing heartily at some observations which had passed between them. Then advancing towards the window recess in which the

countess and Julia were seated, he observed, with playful humour,—

“Pray, ladies, what are you conspiring about now? I hope you are not preparing a siege, or laying a train for any poor wight unconscious of your assault.”

And again he laughed.

Then, turning to Julia, he asked her if he could do anything in the way of effecting a reconciliation, or raising the siege. Julia replied with an affected gravity,—

“I fear, my lord, it is now gone so far that nothing less than an unconditional surrender will satisfy the assailing party.”

“Oh, propose terms, propose terms,” observed the earl, “better a qualified success than a vengeful triumph in cases of this sort.”

“Now, you men,” said the countess, “always delight in sieges; why not endeavour to follow our example, and be forbearing under affliction? But men have no patience.”

“But,” interposed Julia, “his lordship doesn’t come within the point of your ladyship’s observation: he is too considerate to be cruel.”

“Thank you, thank you, Miss Gran-

ville," said his lordship, "I see you have turned the point of the arrow from my breast. That deserves a kind return. Now, ladies, what do you think of a turn in the garden? The sun looks radiant; the day is delicious."

"De tout mon cœur; que dites vous, ma chere?" responded the countess, addressing Julia.

"Comme il vous plait, comtesse," replied the latter, and they all passed out at a door leading from the reception room by a flight of steps down into the garden.

The sky looked lovely in its blue expanse and flooded light; and the garden, which was large and diversified in its arrangement, its various flower beds divided by bright green and velvety lawns, sweeping gracefully off on every side, and shaded here and there with light, feathery trees, and clustered shrubs, looked soft and smiling in the flushing radiance. They passed on amid the flower beds, and down to the conservatory, which they entered; and having walked round for a few minutes admiring the various fruits and flowers; and plucking an orange or other ripe

fruit which hung in luxuriant fulness from their several branches, they passed out upon the lawn, and on by the winding walks that led to the oak shades on the margin of the flower beds. Having walked along the green sward for a few minutes, they reached a beech bower, and passing through this, they came out on an open space surrounded with birch and willow-trees, and covered with green turf, save where the winding walks contrasted their silvery sand with the surrounding emerald.

In the centre of this bright and lovely scene stood, upon a pedestal of grey-stone, a statue of Niobe in white marble. The figure was nude, save that a broad belt or sash, of the same material as the rest of the statue, lay in folds around the waist, and fell, in light festoons, down in front and behind. The proportions were regular and graceful. The arms rested in easy pose, crossed upon her bosom, and one leg was advanced, which contributed much to the grace of attitude presented by the whole figure. The features were beautiful as the most beautiful of the Grecian type; the head was slightly bent, and the hair, which was rolled back from the forehead,

fell in luxuriant masses back upon her neck, and down round her shoulders.

As they looked upon the figure, the earl observed,—

“I have procured that from Italy; it is one of the master-pieces of one of the first artists of that land of artistic genius. Is it not remarkable how that country has preserved the monopoly of art which has for so many ages placed her in the foremost ranks of genius? In painting, sculpture, poetry, and architecture, she has no rival. She has never had one. Look at that figure; mark the airy lightness the chisel has left upon it. See the living spirit—see it, palpitating through the whole figure. And can you behold those features without feeling the gushing sorrow that overspreads them from the stricken fountain of the heart. Glorious Italy! proud inheritors of a godlike genius.”

He walked aside, and plucking a flower from a rose bed in the rear of the statue, he presented it to Julia.

She thanked him, observing that she felt a greater *penchant* for flowers than for thunderbolts or arrows.

“It had been well for poor Niobe,”

she continued, "if her tastes had inclined in the same direction. But, I suppose, your lordship will charge her propensity upon us all; and say that ambition finds its truest home in the bosom of the sex."

She laughed merrily, reminding his lordship, at the same time, that she had heard him use those words on a former occasion; and that she had learnt her philosophy from him.

"Ah, you sly thief," retorted his lordship, "you are ever on the watch to turn my own artillery against me. But seriously, you must admit that your sex are the originators of that lofty feeling, or rebellious, if you choose to call it, known by the name of ambition?"

"Nonsense, Fairborough," interposed the countess, "we are never influenced by so unruly a feeling. Peace is our province, and there we wish to rule supreme. But you men! you are never content but when soaring aloft into regions unknown: and what do you find? Nothing that I know of, except unrest and unhappiness. What do *you* say now, Herbert?"

"I cannot entirely agree with your ladyship," answered Herbert. "What I

believe is this, that men and women are pretty much influenced alike; and that it depends more upon the individual taste and inclination than upon any fixed principle in nature, whether any man, or any woman, may be carried away by the spirit of ambition or otherwise. You know, my dear countess, that history is at my side."

"Oh, get away with you and history," said the countess, playfully, "I shan't believe a word either of you say. Don't you think we ought not, Julia?"

"I take sides with your ladyship," replied Julia, laughing; "if it were only to spite the men,"—in a low tone, intended for the earl,—"who are, in general, so self-sufficient as to deem themselves faultless."

The earl laughed heartily, and the whole party turned away and strolled along the green turf and beneath the shade of the foliage in light and cheerful converse.

After nearly an hour had passed, during which they traversed a large section of the park which lay immediately below the garden towards the south, they returned to the mansion, where a luncheon had

been prepared and laid in the dining-room. They partook of this with great *goût*, their appetite having been rendered keen by their exercise and recreation.

After this Herbert and Julia took their leave of their noble friends, and walked back by the way they had come until they reached the outer lodge, where their servant and gig were in waiting. They entered the gig and drove homewards, delighted with their morning's visit, and entertaining themselves on the way with observations on the various objects of interest which had attracted their admiration, not the least of which were the appearance and conversation of the earl and the countess.

“What a fine-looking man the earl is,” observed Julia, “his tall and graceful stature, his finely-chiselled features; his lofty bearing and easy, unaffected manners, cause one to feel both reverence and affection for him. How softly his fine blue eyes throw their light upon you when he speaks—more especially when he smiles in the joyousness of conversation. I fancy that he is something like Apollo, as I have read the description of that

divinity. His high and lovely brow, with the soft, golden hair drooping in short curls around it, and the pliant motions of his body, borne upon his light and graceful limbs,—all give you that idea; at least, they do to me. His hair is a little grey, but, yet, beautifully soft; and his nose and chin are so finely cut.”

“He is certainly a noble-looking man,” said Herbert; “but his chief nobility consists in the grandeur and purity of his mind. It may, indeed, be well said of him that the external form is a faithful index to the internal perfection. He is noble in mind as well as in person. What a blessing it is to this part of the country to have such a nobleman and lady resident in it! If all our nobility were like them; and to speak correctly, there are very many of them who are distinguished for the very highest qualities;—but if they were *all* of this character, and resident on their estates, what a blessing it would be to the whole country! Their high example, in the domain of the virtues, and their elegance of manners would, apart from the pecuniary consideration, be a great, very great advantage. The expenditure of

their incomes among the people from whom they derive it would, of course, contribute largely to the comfort of the people by the employment it would afford and the improvements it would create. But even this advantage would fall short, in its effects upon the essential and permanent well-being of the people—fall short of those flowing from the high example thus afforded to the people in the bearings and manners of a high aristocracy.

“You understand what I mean by their *high example*. It is their good sense, their wise and prudent conduct, their self-command, their kind and generous demeanour. We need but the example before us, that of the Earl and Countess of Fairborough; mark the good they are doing. There is scarcely a poor person on their estate, not, certainly, a destitute person. All the farmers and cotters and labourers, men, women, and children, are comfortable and happy. What neat, beautiful, and comfortable cottages the labouring poor inhabit, and all built by the earl himself. Look at their pretty gardens, so nicely walled in, and so redolent of perfume: and their potato and

cabbage plots. The labourers themselves are well fed, well clad, and happy in appearance. And the countess; she is indefatigable in her service to the poor people. If you observe the wives and daughters, and the little children of those poor people, their cleanliness, their comfort, their contentment; you mark at once the benevolent handiwork of her ladyship. But, above all, observe this: neither of these noble persons, neither the earl nor the countess defile their acts of benevolence by that cursed brand of distinction which would separate the Protestant Christian from the Catholic Christian. No; they are too good and too wise for that. They treat all as God's creatures, and distribute their favours equally. There is a Christian example for all to follow, both rich and poor. And what is the consequence,—what is the result of all this interest which they take in the people, of all the benevolence and beneficence which they bestow upon them? It is just what it ought to be, and what it ever must be—it is this, that, in the first place, the people are, as I have said, all comfortable, and happy, and contented; and that they are

also imbued with good sense, and decent manners.

“Now, this latter advantage is of no small value, because it makes the people obedient to the laws, and reconciled to their rulers; it enables them to know that peace and order are better than anarchy and disorder. And here we have the evidence all around us. The people would die to defend the earl and countess from harm; and as to illegal societies for the overthrow of the existing order of things, I would undertake to say that you couldn’t find half a dozen throughout the whole estate—no, not even one, except, perhaps, some silly, half-cracked creature, who might have been seduced, through his vanity and weakness, by those street-thieves and idle vagabonds of the neighbouring towns—not one, I say, could you find throughout the whole estate who would enter into any of those societies. This is the way to look at the advantages that a high resident aristocracy would confer upon the country. Well, example descends. From the topmost class, the nobility, down through the various grades of the gentry, and of the wealthy farmers,

this attention to the necessities and rights of the labouring poor would be called up, and would operate upon the physical and moral condition of this latter class, who, in turn, would respond to this attention in their superior comfort, superior intelligence, and superior attachment to the laws and institutions of their country, as well as to those who administer and direct them.

“I fear, dear sis., I am tiring you with my political preaching; but it was suggested by our visit to-day.”

Julia listened with much thoughtfulness while her brother was thus speaking, when he concluded, she said,—

“No, Herbert; I am not tired, on the contrary, I feel very interested. But my mind has been going back to the countess. I thought she looked rather well to-day; her colour was bright, and her conversation gayer than usual. Her health, I know, is anything but good. What a charming woman she is! She is quite as tall for a woman as the earl is for a man, and such symmetry in her person. I think her features have a striking resemblance to those of the earl, there is the same nose

and chin, so elegantly cut, and the same bright blue eye. And the lofty forehead, too, is the same. The personal resemblance, I think, is very striking."

"Yes," interrupted Herbert, "and you ought to say, the intellectual resemblance is striking, neither should you forget those finer feelings of the heart which are equally conspicuous in both. How kindly she speaks of the poor, their wants and necessities! Do you believe that those fine qualities of the head and heart are descendible from parents to children? I do. The Fairborough family afford a strong instance of this; for I have heard our father say that the old earl and his wife were remarkable for kindness of disposition and wisdom in the conduct of their affairs. They have never been known—any of the family—to turn a tenant off the estate, unless his conduct was so bad as to make it a blessing to the people to get rid of him. And, at all times, they have been known to reside upon the estate, and to take a personal interest in the welfare of their tenantry."

"I certainly do believe that the qualities of heart and mind come in many cases by

inheritance," answered Julia, "though, of course, education and training have a good deal to do with it. For, without a proper and well-ordered education, the heart and mind, both, are liable to be distorted and corrupted. Bad influences must be counteracted by education. However, there is a good deal in the natural and inherited disposition, and this, aided and fortified by education, may be said to produce the perfect character. Oh, dear! we are at the old place, at last. I always feel so happy to be near home."

They had arrived at the entrance gate to Ash Grove House, where they alighted and walked up the avenue to the house.

CHAPTER XV.

PADDY LARKIN HOLDS A COUNCIL OF WAR—
OPPOSITION OF VIEWS—THE RISING POST-
PONED.

FROM the view we have given of the leading men of the organization of Whitefeet, in a preceding chapter, the reader must have perceived the extreme absurdity of the movement which contemplated the overthrow of British power on Irish soil, and the establishment of a policy that was to give peace and plenty to the Irish people. One might naturally wonder how it was possible for any sane man to regard this movement in any other light than that of the most extreme madness; and yet there were men who talked of it, and held it up to view as something that was really entitled to consideration, if not to any high degree of respect. But it was the mystery

which surrounded it, and the hidden roots from which it sprang, that threw an air of interest around it, and gave to it that degree of importance with which obscurity ever invests the things which it surrounds. There was a sort of political mirage in the public mind which made the people imagine that there was a magnitude in this insurrectionary movement that threatened extraordinary results, either for good or for evil. This notion, therefore, kept them swaying between hope and fear; and though they leant to the side of order, as being more in accordance with their natural feelings and desires, yet they were unwilling to throw any decided obstructions in the way of a movement that might, after all, result in some good to them. This was human nature; and it was upon this basis that the whole design was founded by those who had a private interest in its development, but who kept themselves aloof from any immediate consequences, of a dangerous character, which might arise from it.

General Doherty was not the presiding genius of this grand creation. He had his private ends in view, too; that is, if such

a man could have any ends beyond the mere passing gratification of a perverse nature and an idle disposition; but he was only a shuttle in the hands of those who were the real fabricators of the web. However, even the general was, in the eyes of Paddy Larkin, all-sufficient in himself, and a man to be followed in every track of patriotism which he might think proper to take. In fact, Paddy believed him to be only second to Dan himself, as O'Connel was familiarly designated. Nay more, we believe that if a difference of opinion occurred between Dan and the general, Paddy would side with the latter, and deem Dan a traitor.

In point of fact it was the policy of the promoters of Whitefeetism to cause it to be believed that Dan was at the head of it; and that even when he seemed to discourage it by openly and publicly speaking against it, he privately supported it, and called it the right arm of his power. This seeming contradiction was explained by a reference to what was called Dan's *cutery* (acuteness) whereby he deceived the Government and preserved himself from a prosecution.

“For” (the wiseacres would thus reason) “if Dan let on that he was the head of ’em (the Whitefeet) the Government would take hold of him on a pint of law and clap him in (that is, in prison); but—you parceive—when he purtinds he is agin ’em, he shuts the clapper of the Government, and he works underhand for the good of the people.”

Such was the idea that was impressed upon the people through the artifice of those who desired to gratify their vanity, revenge, or malignity, or, it may be, some purpose of gain. For it must here be observed that the Whitefeet Society, like many, if not most societies of its kind, was not the production of any specific class of malcontents in the state, but was rather, in its inception, and in its growth, the result of a variety of passions, among a variety of individuals, in a variety of classes. It may be supposed to have originated in some such way as this.

An idle and drunken vagabond is employed as a farm-servant; he neglects his work of course; and probably seduces one or two other servants from their work, so as to accompany him, and aid him, by their

pecuniary resources, in his idle and drunken orgies. The farmer rebukes him, and threatens him with dismissal if he should repeat his acts of negligence and disorder. But he does repeat them; and the farmer accordingly sends him away with an injunction never to come near his house. The idler goes off, but swears he'll be revenged. He casts around him to discover somebody placed in a predicament similar to his own—that is, an idle, drunken vagabond dismissed from work: he discovers one or two, of course; and they agree to cast their lots together, and make out a *decent livin'* in the best way they can. This *decent livin'*, of course, means to engage themselves in the undercurrent of patriotism, and *make the way clear for Dan*.

There was no country, perhaps, in the world more favourably circumstanced than was Ireland at the time of which we write, and even at the present time, for vagabonds of all sorts to make out an idle living under the pretext of patriotism. For the whole country was a sort of quagmire of agitation; and seemed as if no possible state of things could afford the people a healthy

recreation save that of associations, branch associations, committees, sub-committees, and all sorts and sizes of organizations, for patriotic purposes. Hence it is that the idler of whom we speak, cognizant of all this, had a ready resource, when all else failed, to provide himself with meat and drink under the wings of the interminable agitation. When the idler and his companion idlers have sworn undying fidelity to each other, they, according to the well understood process in such cases, dub themselves with a name—such name as may be calculated to attract the attention and win over the favourable feelings of the people to their *cause*—(they, of course, call their vagabondism a *cause*). The name must be a plain and simple one—no *outlandish lingo* for them: it must also be affecting and tender, so as to create sympathy. Our idler and his fellows, according to this view of the case, hit upon the name *Whitefeet*. That was plain; it was affecting too, for it implied that they went barefoot, and that their feet were clean and white. Nothing, surely, could be better invented than that; and nothing could call up a finer sympathy than the idea that

such nice tender young men should be carried so far, by the inspiration of patriotism, as to sacrifice everything, even to their shoes and stockings; and thus expose their delicate white feet to the weather and the slush. “*Whitefeet* then let it be,” said our idler and his brother vagabonds.

The next step was to get some fellow to join them who could read and write; or, failing in this, to win over the kind offices of the schoolmaster of the village; or, failing in this again, to get the tailor who was out of employment like themselves, on account of the *drop* and *the love of liberty*, and who was smart at the pen, because he learned its use at the poor school in the neighbouring town where he was brought up as a poor orphan. In this last case there was never any failure; the *drop-taking*, and *liberty-loving* tailor was always ready to devote his accomplishments to the service of his country; and, accordingly, he would write the notices, proclamations, and ejectments; and draw out the coffins and Death’s heads and crossed bones above the “*writin’*” on the “*Take notices.*” He was great at flourishes, too; and that

was of the utmost importance, because, seeing the impossibility of obtaining *brains* for the purpose of such an agitation, the next best thing—indeed, the only thing that could supply this want was—*flourishes*. It is not clear that *brains* are at all needed in sound patriotic agitations, such as we speak of, provided there be an ample supply of *flourishes*. And for this the schoolmaster, that is, the *b. l. a. bla*, or *roar-and-whack* schoolmaster is, next to the *drop-and-liberty-loving* tailor, about the best manufacturer that can be had. Indeed, it is a draw-stakes between the two. Nature would seem to have cast the two races of prodigies in the same mould, that is, if Nature had anything at all to do with either, which is doubtful.

However this may be, our *Whitefeet* having secured the tailor and his flourishes, commenced operations by sending out a *proclamation*, as they called the sheet of dirty brown foolscap paper posted on the walls of the various villages around, in close proximity to the churches and chapels, and in some instances on the very walls of those sacred edifices themselves.

The proclamation was as follows :—

TO ALL THREU PATHRIOTS, AND LOVIERS
OF THEIR COUNTHRY, GREETIN'

From the Grand 'Soshiation of the Whitefeet.

This is to inform all consarned that from and afther this date, wrote at the bottom, all farmers, farmer's wives, farmer's sons, and daughters, and all thradesmen, high and low ; and all persons whomsoever, of every class, creed, and callin', who are for the good of the Counthry, and hears the voice of Freedom, they are not to refuse eatin', and drinkin' and all sorts of nourishment to the noble Whitefeet, the proud PATHRIOTS of Ireland, at any hour of day or night, *speshilly in the night*, when they're sick and sore in hardship, and cowl'd, and sweat, when their business calls.

No more at present, further informashin to be gave in further Proclamations.

Given undher my hand and sale this
28th day of August 18—

CAPTAIN WHITEFOOT,
'Soshiation Hall, Ireland.

This was done in a variety of large capitals, particularly at the head and foot ; and garnished with the needful flourishes.

There was a drapery of flourishes at the top, which covered the address, and fell in festoons down the sides; and the lettering throughout was what the party themselves called *copperplate*, though the tailor declared, "*upon his conscience*, that it wasn't half equal to what he could do if he was broke in a trifle; and that the world would see that soon."

It is unnecessary to say that after this glowing announcement had appeared on the public places throughout Ballydine and the surrounding villages, but more especially on the dead walls and doors and shutters of abandoned houses in the towns along the vale of Orma, the Whitefeet organization soon developed itself into considerable dimensions, and all the idleness, drunkenness, and rags of the county became its main pillars of strength and action. *Eating!* and *drinking!* and *idleness!* What three more powerful elements could be incorporated in any grand design which required the co-operation of Nature's sweltering nobility. The key-note was struck, and the piece was a success.

Now comes the next tributary to swell the already vigorous flood. Some *gentle-*

man, or man of substance who goes by that name, is disappointed in some scheme of self-interest; or, it may be, that he has knelt in vain at the altar of Venus: he must, therefore, seek revenge; and how better or safer can he accomplish his purpose than by quietly conniving at the Grand Association, and using it at his discretion. It is his interest, he says to himself, to support it, and so he does support it, at least so far as his peculiar interest requires him to do so. Here then is a wide field for the growth of additional strength to the Whitefeet Association: Every sort of man, with every sort of passion, finds a resource here; and to this reservoir of devilry he will therefore contribute his portion of the black, vile, and deadly passions which compose it.

But the entire structure is not confined to such materials. Others are led into it through the restlessness and buoyancy of youth, and the ambition to distinguish themselves as lovers of their country and advocates of liberty. The sons of small farmers, apprentices of drapers, and others of the humbler classes, give their adhesion to this organization of patriotism, for the

purpose of displaying their love of country, and the spirit of valour which animates their bosoms; so that, "from small beginnings mighty fabrics rise," and the Society of Whitefeetism, or by whatever name any such illegal combination may be known, swells into large proportions, and becomes, accordingly, capable of doing a good deal of mischief. The mischief, however, does not consist in any amount of harm that is done to the throne, or to the stability of the sovereign power, for in that regard there is not a shadow of danger involved; but is confined altogether to the annoyance and robberies, and in some cases maimings, and murders which are inflicted upon individuals throughout the country; especially where malice and revenge are the guiding motives of the particular nightly attacks.

In giving this general outline of the mode in which those illegal societies are for the most part formed, and of the motives in which they originate, it is not to be inferred that the society under review, that of the Whitefeet, was created by Paddy Larkin, or by any of those whom we have introduced to the acquaintance

of the reader. By no means ; for although Paddy was an important personage in the society, most especially in that branch of it called the *Ballydine Section*, yet he had nothing whatever to do with the origination of the society in the first place, or with the Rules and Regulations by which it was constituted and governed, in the second. He found it ready to his hand ; and he thought it a pity not to help it along for the “ *good of the country*.”

Nor can it, in fairness, be said that he was actuated by any feeling of ill-will or malice towards the gentry and the farmers who employed him, from time to time, when he was disposed to work. No ; he was, generally speaking, a harmless and good-natured young man, but he inherited the idle propensity and spirit of recklessness which had characterized his father ; and he converted these into the channel of patriotism, which so many of his betters had done before him, were then doing, and did do after he had passed away from this sublunary scene.

In a word, Paddy did not wish to hurt any one ; but only to help his country along in the path of freedom ; and if need

must, to strike down her enemies if they obstructed that path. The truth must be told:—Paddy was introduced into the society by his friend Larry Doherty, the general, who used to do his tailoring-work for him, that is, when he had a decent Sunday coat or breeches to make. For Larry was a good tailor, and a town tailor to boot, which latter circumstance gave a great advantage over the mere country tailor in the eyes of young men who wished, as was natural, to appear in well-fitting attire in the presence of their sweethearts. And Paddy's sweetheart, Anty Dreelin, liked Larry's cut on a breeches or coat better than that of any tailor she ever saw. From this close intimacy between our two heroes, it was impossible that Paddy should not become indoctrinated with the views and opinions of the tailor; and it was equally impossible, considering his natural bent, that he should not take fire when he heard those views and opinions expressed and urged in the rushing and glowing eloquence with which the tailor was so wondrously gifted.

“He could spake for hours,” as Paddy used to say, “without as much as turnin’

a hair; and the loudher he gave it out, the smarthier he stuck to it. I often heeard Dan himself, down there at the town; and he was no more to Larry in loudness and houldin' out than that little bit of a sthrame there is to Thurgal waterfall."

Hence it is manifest that no power of resistance, of which Paddy, at least, was possessed, could save him from the all-conquering eloquence of Larry. Besides, Larry was a general; and, to crown all, he was the right-hand man of Dan himself. Then it may be imagined that Larry was the originator of the Society of Whitefeet. That, however, would be a mistake. Larry found it in operation, ready to his hand, as in the case of Paddy; and he merely turned it to account.

There was another gentleman, who lived in a neighbouring town, who was a butcher by trade, and with whom Larry got acquainted by means of the common feeling of patriotic ardour which influenced them both. For it was impossible in those stirring times of political agitation, that two such men as the butcher and Larry, who met on the public platform at every meeting that took place for miles around,

should not be attracted to each other, and communicate to one another their views and hopes. And so it came to pass that Larry was sworn a member of the new organization by his patriotic colleague, the Cushport butcher. Even as Paddy admired the fierce and thundering eloquence of the tailor, so the tailor admired the bold speech and gigantic strength of the butcher. And as Paddy believed that the tailor was the immediate lieutenant of Dan himself, so the tailor believed that the butcher occupied that envied position.

Thus the concatenation of hidden influence encircled the society, and preserved its several parts in a state of wonderful harmony. Now, as the tailor looked upon the butcher as a great and mysterious man in the grand cause, and Paddy looked upon the tailor in the same light; so the young men whom Paddy had enlisted in and about Ballydine looked upon him with equal admiration and awe; and to speak the whole truth, Paddy was not backward, any more than his superiors, in enforcing this delusion upon his followers: for he would shake his head with great solemnity, when talking over public matters in their

presence, especially when Dan's name was mentioned, and intimate that he knew all about it.

"Arra," he would then say, "how could the likes o' ye know about it? leave that to them as got the power and knowledge from high quarters. The word o' command is—'Do your duty, and ax no questions.' There is the way to be loyal to the cause, and to gain credit hereafter wid those as will have the dividin' of everything accordin' to *desart*."

Having now endeavoured to place before the reader such a picture of the Whitefeet organization as we thought necessary to a right understanding of its objects and proceedings, we shall proceed to an account of a council of war which was called by Paddy Larkin on the night of the day on which he had paid his visit to the general.

On that day, as the reader is aware, Paddy had received important instructions from his superior in command; and had, besides, been renewed in his zeal and enthusiasm for the great cause, not only by the fervid and poetic eloquence of his chief, but also by the manly bearing and spirited appeals of the other three leaders who had

been present on the occasion. Whilst, therefore, the instructions were fresh in his mind, and the ardour that had been new-kindled in his breast, was still glowing there, he deemed it expedient that no time should be lost in communicating both to his immediate followers at and around Ballydine. For this purpose it appeared to him, as he left the general's residence, and was strolling sedately down the lane—we say *sedately*, because, although his bosom was on fire after the recent contact, yet he deemed it advisable to repress all evidence of it in the open streets; and to give it free vent only when he got out on the country road, and was crossing through the fields—it appeared to him that two or three of the most influential of his followers about Ballydine would be sufficient for him to communicate with on the matters now engrossing his attention. He resolved, therefore, to have a look about the town, in case they might be there, and if so, to appoint a place and hour for them to meet him, at or near Ballydine, on that night.

Having extricated himself from the lane, and the small street upon which it debouched, he struck into Mill Street; and

there he paused, in order to gather up his mind sufficiently to determine in what direction he should turn his steps. He pursed out his lips, and looked down at his feet, to assist the working of his mind; and then placing his blackthorn stick deliberately under his left arm, and thrusting both his hands into his breeches pockets—his new beaver being fixed jauntily over his right temple—he moved steadily up Mill Street, keeping close to the shops on the right side. He whistled softly as he went, if that might be called a whistle which consisted only in a sort of concentrated breathing, with a low grunt at the end of each bar. He kept his right eye on the shop doors and windows as he passed on, and the left towards the street, so as to observe any one that loitered about, either inside doors, or outside in the public way. In this way he proceeded until he reached Ladder Street, up which he turned. This was a wide, half-deserted street leading out into the eastern extremity of the Green or Market place. Towards the end of this street, near the point where it opened upon the Green, he met Ned Doolin coming out from a public-house.

He was of all men the one he was most pleased to meet; and so having saluted each other, they stepped into the public-house from which Ned had issued, for the purpose, as Paddy said, of wetting their whistle. Here, at the small counter, while taking their glass of whisky, Paddy opened himself to Ned, as far as it was prudent to do so in that place; and exacted from him a promise to meet him that night at Ballydine Cross, at the hour of eight o'clock, and to bring certain others with him, whom he named.

“For,” said Paddy, “to-night I have to tell yees somethin’ that ye ought to know consarnin’ of the cause.”

Having now relieved himself, so far, of the burden of thought that had been oppressing him, he wished Ned a good evening, and struck out across the Green, and in upon the road leading to Ballydine. Having gone about a quarter of a mile along this road, he jumped into the fields on the right, and took the short cut homewards. Here, as he tripped along over new-mown fields surrounded by hedges and scattered trees, he gave scope to his feelings. He leaped and jumped, sang

and whistled, and spoke aloud the high imaginings which were careering through his brain.

“Come, Paddy, my boy,” he would exclaim, addressing himself, “your time is come: a gould chain or a wooden leg is the word. Whoo-wu! Yis, my rattler, that’s the word. You’re not Paddy Larkin no longer; but you’re Mr. Patrick O’Larkin of Ballydine, *Agitan General of the Ballydine section of the Great Army of Freedom*. That’s what you are, my worm-cutther. What’ll you’re mother say to that, eh? What ’ud your father say, if he was a livin’ now, I wondher? What ’ud *he* say, eh? Wheew-wu! Long life to the gineral—that’s Mr. Larry O’Doherty—be coourse, he must have a round O as well as myself; for, you see, there’s nothin’ like the round O for a gineral. ’Tis the Milesian touch, do you mind me. Didn’t I hear Larry sayin’ that all the ould ginerals had it, sich as Owen Rhu O’Neil. And there was the O’Donnells, and the O’Rourkes, and the O’Sullivans, and the O’—but, no by shnakes, they wasn’t O’s—the Maguires, no, *they was not*. What was *they* then? They was ginerals, that’s sartain; but was

they O's? No, I'm bothered there. But there's the O'Connells—there's Dan—isn't he worth a hundred Maguires. Tuth! what's Maguires but *traneens* (spears of grass) compared to the O'Connells. And then there's the O'Flaherty's, and the O'Doherty's—that's the gineral,—by shnakes, he wasn't the first o' the name; and the O'—I can't say—the O'—'t isn't clear to me yet, somehow—the *O'Larkins*,—I don't know where I am now,—the *O'Larkins*. It don't make right noise on my ear, somehow. Never mind, I'll ax the gineral. Wheeu-u-u!"

And here he rushed at a hedge, and sprang to its top like a ball, and then down into the next field, with a shout that rang along the deep ravine on his right. In this way he proceeded on his homeward journey until he came out again upon the Ballydine road. Then he walked on silently until he came to the Cross. He passed Peter Mackey's public-house, and turned into Moll Dreelin's. It is needless to say that he received a most hearty welcome from Moll, and that Anty smiled and blushed, and cast down her eyes, and cast them up again; and felt her heart going,

as she confessed to Paddy the same evening —“*going like a bell.*” It was a strange comparison, but we suppose she had reference to motion and music ; and wished to intimate to her favoured knight that her heart *beat* with *pleasure* when she saw him.

We may as well inform the reader in this place that the council of war, to be held according to the arrangement made between Paddy Larkin and Ned Doolin, was to hold its deliberations under Moll Dreelin’s roof. There were good reasons for this selection of a hall of meeting, not the least of which were the deep sympathy of Moll and her daughter with the cause, and the convenient situation of the house for the purpose in hand.

The meeting took place at the hour appointed. Ned Doolin appeared first, accompanied by two others from the neighbourhood ; then came Bill Cleary, with others from a village hard by. Our readers have been already introduced to the two gentlemen named, that is, Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary ; for they appeared at the captain’s Glazement on the evening of the dance. They were the sons of small

farmers residing on the outskirts of the village, and were young men of respectable character. They were industrious and sober; and in their general bearing manifested nothing that was indicative of a disposition to do wrong to anybody.

Of the five young men who accompanied them, and who also belonged to the same neighbourhood, we shall only notice one who, although resident near Ballydine at the time of which we write, was not a native of that part of the country, but had recently settled down there as a day-labourer. He was a short, stout man, of strong and repulsive features, with a twist in one of his eyes which gave to his otherwise vulgar and gloomy countenance an aspect of villainous import. His name was Jeremiah Grinnex, or Jer Grinnex, as he was usually styled. The other four men were farm-labourers who belonged to localities in the immediate vicinity of Ballydine, and were smart, active, roystering young fellows, who loved a spree, and were nowise loth to take a hand in a fight.

The hall of council was Moll Dreelin's bedroom; a spacious apartment enough,

just behind the kitchen, and away from the observation of any stragglers who might be passing outside. A couple of low benches conveyed into it from the kitchen by Anty, Moll's daughter, and Paddy's intended spouse, supplied all the seats that were required; for Paddy and Ned Doolin took their seats on the edge of Moll's bed. When all were seated, and the door firmly closed, Paddy opened the meeting with the following brief speech:—

“Now, friends, I have serious news to tell ye. I was this day with the gineral and other leadin' men of our 'sociation, and the words that were spoke there made me call this meetin', so that I might let ye know what's before us. The first thing we have to do now is to take a strict account of our enemies all around this part of the counthry, so that we may be prepared to deal with 'em when the hour comes. The next thing is to swear in all thrue men that's for us, and ready to join in the business 'efore us; and to put down their names on the roull. After that we'll begin the risin', plaise God, and sthrike for our counthry.”

“That's the chat,” remarked Jer

Grinnex, from the lower corner of the room, while the squint eye blazed with an unnatural light.

“Silence, there,” cried Ned Doolin, “let us hear all that’s to be said.”

“All fair and square,” resumed Paddy, “ye must first hear the orders from headquarters, and then let every man give his own opinion. That’s the best way always. Well, as I was sayin’, when every thing ’ll be ready, the risin’ ’ll begin. But, there’s another matther now that we must settle among ourselves; and ’tis the gineral’s wish that we should plaise ourselves about that; it is this—are we, or are we not, to ate and drink full and plinty in the mornin’ ’before the risin’? Some of the leadin’ men, to-day, at the gineral’s house, were for the atin’ and the drinkin’, and some were agin’ it; but what I say is as this,—let every man choose accordin’ as it agrees wid him, and accordin’ as he can get it. That’s my opinion. Now, men, ye are to say what ye think would be the best, and I’ll stand by what ye’ll decide on.”

He here blew his nose with great vehemence, and then folded his arms over his chest and looked around him.

Jer Grinnex was the first to speak, and he did so with great energy, striking his clenched hand upon the stool on which he sat at the close of every sentence.

“I’m no man for fastin’ in the mornin’,” he began, “when a hard day’s work is ’efore me. Where’s the man ’ud like it? Who ’ud starve, and plenty under his hand? Is it the rich we ’ud be sparin’? I ax any man, who’s goin’ to fight for his counthry on an empty stomach? Would any man spill his sweat and blood without knowin’ for what? Isn’t it time for the rich now to part wid their riches, and let the poor have their turn? I wouldn’t fight a sthroke if I wasn’t shure of gettin’ my fair share of the gould and silver, and the fine livin’ that’s schkattered about the counthry, all in the hands of people that never earned it, but took it from our fathers ’efore us, by means of that thundherin, thief, Cromwell, that robbed and murdered the whole of us. That’s my sintiment, men, I’ll say no more.”

He threw one leg over the other, and leant back against the wall, his swivel eye blazing with a gloomy rage, and his breast

heaving from the passion which stirred it within.

Ned Doolin was the next to address the meeting. He said,—

“My sentiments are a *little* different from yours, Jer Grinnex, my man; *just a little*. I don’t understand this big talk about robbing here, and robbing there. Our business is not to rob any man but to rightify our country.”

“To be sure,” exclaimed Bill Cleary.

“Yes,” continued Doolin, “we want to gain freedom for our country by fair and open means, face to face with our enemies, and not to rob or steal from any man, no matter whether he be rich or poor. I wouldn’t go across the road in company with any man that would say it was his intention to take a pin’s worth of any man’s property. Let all act fair and straight, and if we are not able to put down our enemies by fair means, let us not disgrace our name and family and country by such foul behaviour as robbing and stealing. Luck or grace couldn’t come out of such work. And I say this, it would be better for us never to strike a stroke for the country than to show ourselves bent upon such work as

what Jer here speaks about. No, sink or swim, let honesty, at any rate, be on our side. But, I want to know, when and where is the rising to begin? It's a thing that we ought to be made sure about. It oughtn't to be kept in the dark, or made a mystery of. I don't care a blind needle who is at the head or the tail of it, I must see and understand how it is to be done—when and where, and by what means. We are meeting, and talking, these twelve months, and I don't see that we are a bit nearer to being able to do anything now than when we began. Show us the number of men we can depend on, and their arms, and their commanders, and their means of carrying on war. Show me all that, and I'll be satisfied; but without seeing or knowing that, no man but a fool would talk about a rising. And as for counting our enemies, as Paddy Larkin says, what enemies do we want to count? Is it our neighbours we should be going to kill in cold blood? Is that the sort of rising we are to have? God help us! if that's the sort of war we're going to have, keep me clear of it—keep every honest man clear of it. God in heaven forbid that I should

hurt a hair on any neighbour's head, no matter how he might differ from me, except I had him in a fair fight, and he on his guard, and well-armed, like myself. I want no dark business of that kind. By no manner of means, Paddy Larkin. I tell you that, and I say no more at present."

While Doolin was speaking, Paddy Larkin's face became elongated, and wore an expression of painful bewilderment. He was evidently taken aback, and became entangled in a net-work of mental confusion, from which he knew not how to extricate himself. Jer Grinnex, too, looked as if he were struggling in a convulsive fit, for his mouth was drawn up to his ear on one side, while his squint eye on the other side was flaring with deadly rage.

But when Bill Cleary spoke in confirmation of the views of his friend and companion, Ned Doolin, which he did with great energy and decision, the confusion of Paddy and the fury of Jer were such as it is impossible to describe.

The other men said nothing, for they appeared to be altogether at sea as to the nature of the business on which they came to deliberate; they therefore contented

themselves with observing, occasionally, as the several speakers went on, that they “didn’t know how it was, but that they would act their part, as well as others, when the ructions were to the fore.”

After Bill Cleary had concluded his speech, which we do not think it necessary to record, inasmuch as it was an echo, but an energetic echo, of the sentiments of Ned Doolin—after he had concluded his speech, there was a general silence observed for some time.

At length Jer Grinnex cast his flaming eye over at Paddy Larkin, and said,—

“Are we to be put down by fear I’d like to know? I’m not a coward anyway, and I’ll not consint to put off the business widout a blow at our enemies. Must we be always lookin’ at ‘em atin’ and drinkin’ of the best, and livin’ in clover, while we’re starvin’, I may say, on p’tatoes and salt? No, I’ll never consint to that.”

He continued in this strain for some time, interspersing his observations with oaths and imprecations, which we, for obvious reasons, decline to report. But when he had exhausted himself, Paddy Larkin essayed to speak. He appeared

completely chop-fallen, and stammered out a few sentences expressive of his regret that the meeting had not come to a decision on the points he had submitted to them, but hoped that in the course of a little time a better understanding should be arrived at. However, as it was, he would postpone the rising for a time; and he would now conclude the business of the evening with a treat. Ned Doolin and Bill Cleary declined taking any drink; they therefore rose, and taking leave of their associates, left the room and directed their steps homeward. The others, however, remained, and having ordered whisky, indulged in liberal potations until midnight, assisted and enlivened by the presence and conversation of Moll Dreelin.

CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING—PARTRIDGE
SHOOTING.

THE family of Brookfield Hall had been divided for a few days—divided, that is to say, not by any rebellious opposition of feeling or opinion, but by a separation of its members in point of place. In other words, some of them were away from the Hall on a visit of friendship. When Mrs. Credan had made up her mind to return to Mooloch, to her own immediate family, she desired to take Miss Moore with her for, at least, a few days. This was in furtherance of her wise plan of separating that young lady from the influence of Herbert Granville's society, and of placing her more within the influence of the society of Joe Whitmore. This was, of course, a secret between herself and her sister, Mrs. Moore.

Fanny Moore was not informed of this design. Oh, no ! that would never suit the depth and wisdom of the great plan on which the genius of Mrs. Credan was so intently employed.

We have already had under our notice the discussions, or rather the deliberations, for there was but little of discussion, of those two experienced matrons in reference to the future welfare of Fanny Moore ; and there we have seen how Mrs. Credan placed her whole hope, such as it was, of Fanny's recovery from the abyss of love down which she was gliding by the light of Herbert's heart, on the absence of that young lady from the scene of her hallucination. This was her only hope, we say ; but even in this she was not quite at ease ; for there was still about her a dim and lingering reflection of scenes and feelings of other days connected with herself which caused her to doubt sometimes as to the efficacy of the remedy she was now preparing for Fanny's ailment. Still something should be tried to ward off the evil of having her niece united to a man who was little better than a pauper, and to promote her union with another who was

one of the wealthiest landed proprietors in the county. There was a misgiving here, too; for the pride of the Credans could not be so easily eradicated from the breast of Mrs. Credan. She was a Credan, and she felt as a Credan. The reader will remember that she and her husband were of the same family stock. And the Moores! There again! What a brilliant light played over the current of their ancient blood! This was an obstacle in the way of the flowing thoughts of Mrs. Credan as she contemplated her design. Then uprose before her mind the plebeian origin of Joe Whitmore; and then again came streaming in her vision the high-born glories of the Granvilles. These were all disturbing causes to Mrs. Credan. But still Mrs. Credan was a woman not easily subdued when she took it into her head to do anything, even though its accomplishment appeared to her beset with many difficulties. Indeed, she was one of those women who are fond of essaying things merely because they are difficult, and because they are contrary to what their own experience teaches them. Such persons, and they are by no means few in

number, seem to enjoy a peculiar qualification in forcing upon their own minds a conviction that the course they had adopted on any particular occasion was the best, although they have a strange hankering feeling within their breasts that it was not the best.

Mrs. Credan, as we have already hinted, was once brought under the dominion of love; she experienced all its sweet pleasures, all its rapturous delights. The reflection of these still, on occasion, lighted up her heart, and called back her memory to the days when they were in full operation upon her. She liked this; and yet, strange to say, she disliked it too. What self-contradiction appears to exist in the heart of woman. The object of Mrs. Credan's love had given her no cause to turn away from him; but a wealthier man, in the person of Mr. Credan, presented himself to her view, recommended by her family, and sustained by all the influence that wealth, high-breeding, and a fine presence could enlist. In a moment of caprice, without reflection, and perhaps without a clear conception of the consequences of her act, she submitted to the urgent entreaties

of her family, and plighted her faith to Mr. Credan. They were married; and the man whom she had loved, and who loved her, withdrew into retirement; never married, but was passing his days in calm contentment amid his books and farming occupations.

Now it would be unfair to say, or to insinuate in the slightest degree, that Mrs. Credan ever entertained a feeling of infidelity to her husband. Not at all; she was too virtuous, too noble a woman for that; nay, more, she would die rather than be guilty of anything so unjust and so dishonourable. But still it cannot be denied—and we do not by this mean to throw the least slur upon her character—but it cannot be denied that she retained within the secret folds of her heart a tender remembrance of him to whom she had once given her affection. And is this to be wondered at? By no means. For it must be borne in mind that she never really loved any but him, he was the only love of her life: how then was that love to be torn from her heart, and flung aside as if it were a mere weed growing out of place? Impossible. And he, in his secluded life

cherished his love for her, but he cherished it as a wise and virtuous man. He would not, he could not, he was incapable of entertaining a dishonourable thought; but he could not tear from his heart, nor did he try, the deep, silent, changeless love that rested undying there. He knew that she had been drawn away from his side by the influence of her family, and, perhaps, by her own momentary thoughtlessness; and though he blamed her, his blame was mingled with pity; and that pity kept the flame living in his bosom.

Such then was Mrs. Credan's state of mind and feeling while devising and carrying out her plan for the liberation of her niece, Fanny Moore, from the love of Herbert Granville. Was not this, all things considered, a monstrous contradiction? "Oh, woman, woman, thy name is Vanity!" the reader will exclaim. Be not too hasty, gentle reader. Mrs. Credan's conduct may still admit of an explanation to her credit. There is no doubt that judging from her own feelings and experience, she ought to be the last in the world to cast impediments in the way of her niece's love: so far from doing that, she

should, one would think, facilitate the accomplishment of that love by every legitimate means within her power. And how came it that she acted in this inconsistent and contradictory manner? The simplest explanation of the puzzle is just this. She did not really know that Fanny Moore and Herbert Granville loved each other at all. This idea she never allowed to enter her mind, and she was led into this error not only by her sister, Mrs. Moore, but also by Fanny herself. Here, then, is another puzzle. Why did Fanny conceal her love from her mother and her aunt? She loved Herbert, as the reader is aware, with all the fulness of her heart and the fervour of her soul; she thought of him alone; she felt for him alone; she would live or die for him alone: why then did she lead her mother and aunt to believe that there was nothing in her relations with Herbert beyond an ordinary friendship? The reader will again cry out, "Oh, woman, thou art a mystery; and most perverse are thy ways." Yet the reader would be wrong again. There is nothing indefensible, nothing inconsistent, nothing blameworthy in this conduct

of Fanny's. She was, on the contrary, acting in strict accordance with the laws which nature has implanted in the breasts of all. And what are those laws? They are these; first to preserve the dearest treasure of the heart concealed from the polluting vision of the idle and the curious; second, to preserve with equal inviolability the secrets of those in whose love we live; and third, to use all the art that our ingenuity supplies, in order to effect these two purposes. Such are the laws of nature as far as this subject, which we are now considering, is concerned. When Fanny, therefore, wrapped herself up in the paradise of her own thoughts, and shut out the view of her love from inquisitive eyes, she was only doing that which the highest and purest virtue taught her, and which the very sanctity of her feelings suggested.

Here, then, we have endeavoured to justify the conduct of the two women, the married and the single one, against the thoughtless aspersions of the reader. And we have done this in the pure interest of truth, because we know the reader is but too apt to ascribe improper and unworthy motives to persons whose actions he does not

understand; and most especially if those persons happen to be women; for in this case, it is a favourite resource, where there is any difficulty in unravelling motives of action, to ascribe them to the mysterious nature of that inscrutable being, woman. The truth would seem to be that the superior nature, the higher refinement of woman tends to withdraw the operation of her mind and feelings from the immediate penetration and cognizance of the ruder, less penetrating, and less refined sex. Men's minds are too gross and too coarse to measure with exactness the delicate operations of female sensibility. This in its tender and subtle play eludes the vulgar examination of men. To be sure, there are *degrees* of refinement, both in men and women. And, therefore, there are men whose refined and noble nature can keep pace with the most delicate and ethereal nature of woman; can appreciate her most exquisite sensibility, and enter into the most secret recesses of her feelings. We trust, therefore, that the reader will bear all this in mind, and remove from his thoughts those vulgar and misshapen ideas which would distort and

depreciate the pure and noble character of woman.

Having said this much, in order to account for the apparent inconsistency in the conduct of Fanny and her aunt, we shall now follow them into the Credan mansion at Mooloch.

Harry Moore accompanied his sister on this occasion, for he was desirous of having one or two days' sport along the hills in that portion of the county. With that view he took with him his gun and dogs, and whatever else was required in furtherance of his object. The Credans were a very amiable and worthy family, and occupied a mansion and demesne that were not inferior in magnificence and beauty to any of those around them. Fanny was quite delighted with the change; and especially as it was so long since she had before visited her uncle's residence—not, indeed, since she was a very small girl. Her cousins were very nice and cheerful girls, and she felt now quite at home with them, seeing that they had been—at least, the two eldest—at Brookfield Hall with their mother on her recent visit. Harry went off at once to the hills and coverts,

accompanied by his cousin, Harry Credan, to have a fusillade at the partridges and woodcocks. Old Mr. Credan—he was not very old either—was a cheerful, good-humoured man, who liked to see every one happy around him, and contributed all he could—and that was a good deal—to ensure this happiness. Mrs. Credan was gracious and loving beyond anything that Fanny had ever noticed in her before. So that everything promised a pleasant and delightful visit. This went on for the first day; that is, the family enjoyed themselves, among themselves, deliciously; and Fanny met with nothing to interrupt the even and bright flow of her spirits. But on the evening of the second day, an event occurred which entirely altered the current of her feelings, and bade her think of returning home.

On this evening, at the hour of three o'clock a waggon came dashing up the avenue leading to Mooloch House. After it had reached the out-offices on the eastern side of the mansion two men jumped down from it, accoutred with fowling bags, shot-pouches, and powder-flasks, and carrying each in his hand a double-barrel fowling-

piece. Two dogs were also taken out of the waggon, united by a belt fastened at either end to a small chain encircling the neck of each dog. The two men were no less personages than our old acquaintances, Joe Whitmore, and Peter Mackey the publican of Ballydine. Peter took Whitmore's gun in his disengaged hand, and passing around to the courtyard, followed by the dogs, made his way to the kitchen, while Whitmore strode up the steps to the hall-door, and having obtained admittance, he soon presented himself in the drawing-room.

The ladies, that is, Mrs. Credan, the two Misses Credan, and Fanny Moore were looking over some new dresses which had been brought home that afternoon, at the time the waggon drove up the avenue, hence they were not taken aback at the entrance of that gentleman into the drawing-room. It is true, that when Mrs. Credan said, upon seeing the waggon approach, "Oh dear, that is Mr. Whitmore's waggon, and that is himself," Fanny Moore started a little, and changed colour slightly. She evidently felt annoyed at the approaching intrusion.

The other young ladies, on the contrary, looked pleased, and said, almost at the same moment,—

“Oh, shan’t we have fun with this monkey!” “Oh, for some fun with the buffoon!”

They were not very nice expressions, to be sure; but yet they were such as could not fail to show the sort of estimation in which the young ladies held the visitor, and the character which he bore in their circle.

When he entered the drawing-room Mrs. Credan received him with her usual politeness, and asked him to be seated, while the young ladies, including Miss Moore, treated him with becoming civility, though the Misses Credan could scarcely suppress the titter which was rising to their lips, or Miss Moore the displeasure which was curling around her brow.

“I’m going to try the coverts, Mrs. Credan,” he said, as he sat down, “I don’t know whether I shall have any sport.”

“Yes, I hope you shall,” replied Mrs. Credan, “I have heard Harry Moore and my son say that the partridge and wood-

cock are showing on the hills, at the coverts."

"I hope to tumble over some o' them very soon then—cracko! how I like the sport," were his next observations.

Then turning round to the young ladies—his eyes particularly directed to Miss Moore—he said,—

"There is another kind of shooting, however, which I prefer—cracko! ladies' charms are my particular attraction!"

"To be sure, Mr. Whitmore," answered the younger Miss Credan, "you *attract* their admiration. You are like that fascinating animal—what is its name?—that draws to it any living thing upon which it sets its eyes. I think you ought to be merciful, Mr. Whitmore, and not shoot the prey which is so easily won."

Her eyes were sparkling with fun as she spoke, and when she concluded she pretended to have hit her hand against something on the couch, which afforded her an opportunity of giving vent to the laughter which she had so long suppressed."

The other young ladies were also enabled to relieve themselves in the same manner,

by seeming to be amused at the pain which she had inflicted upon herself.

Joe appeared a little confused, for he couldn't remember the little animal, and the word *little* was not exactly flattering to his imagination. However, he had recourse to his never-failing support, in an extremity of ignorance, a loud laugh or *guffaw*. And then he muttered something about "ladies' impressions," and the "sentiments of the sex," and "unrequited love;" and concluded by asking Miss Moore "if she had a heart susceptible of the finer passions?"

Before Miss Moore had time to answer this very important question, the younger Miss Credan interposed, and said,—

"Oh dear! what beautiful things those must be. How I should like to taste them. Pray, Mr. Whitmore, could you oblige one with a specimen, just a slight specimen of those exquisite passions?"

The young ladies laughed again; but Mrs. Credan observed in a very grave tone,—

"My dear, what are you talking about? You seem not to have attended to the observation made by Mr. Whitmore. He

has spoken of the finer feelings of the heart, and you talk as if of something that might be worn."

This caused still greater fun, which was still more aggravated when the same young lady observed, in reply to her mother,—

"Of course I do, mamma; but not exactly like a dress; but like a smile, or a simper, or a grimace, or some nice affectation of that sort. Is not that it, Mr. Whitmore?"

Joe joined in the laugh which succeeded this sally, though it was evident that his heart was not in it, for he twisted his under lip, and drew it along the upper one, and then looked down at his feet. After this performance he struck out again in the love line; and directing his artillery, as before, to Miss Moore, he observed, with what he intended as a graceful hesitation,—

"I presume—that is, I venture—that is, I would take the liberty of saying, Miss Moore, that the god of the silver bow—cracko!—has not yet drove the—the dart into your tender bosom—yes—cracko!"

Here the laughter became irresistible, and Mrs. Credan herself was obliged to

join in it, Joe laughed too ; but it was such a laugh as a foreigner laughs when he joins in the merriment of those whose language he does not understand. It was a laugh without a point, a sort of laughable laugh. But he rallied again, and 'hem'd twice, and then said, looking towards Miss Moore, with much affected feeling, "It's very hard when the son of the fair goddess only hits one out o' the brace, and allows the other to take to the covert—cracko !"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Whitmore," observed the younger Miss Credan again, "he must be a poor shot, that young gentleman ; quite unlike you, I am sure, for you would tumble over the brace together, and think it no great shot either. I suppose, Mr. Whitmore, you must have bagged a great many birds in the course of your shootings."

"I don't mean birds," said Joe, "I mean the fair sex."

"Oh, indeed ; I beg pardon, Mr. Whitmore. The fair sex ? But you wouldn't shoot us, surely ?"

"Oh, no—cracko !—I speak metaphorically. I mean, to strike the hearts of the fair sex."

“Not mine, I hope, Mr. Whitmore.”

Mr. Whitmore smiled, then blushed a little, and then laughed. After that he rose, and wished the ladies a good-bye. He then proceeded to the courtyard; and having ordered out Peter Mackey and the dogs, he and they scampered up the hills together.

When Joe Whitmore had left the drawing-room, the young ladies gave full scope to their feelings of merriment, in which Mrs. Credan, notwithstanding all her efforts to preserve her gravity, was forced to participate.

Miss Moore appeared to enjoy the ridicule too, although to a keen observer there would appear an undercurrent of disgust mingled in the flow of her merriment. She absolutely disliked the man, and could not conceal her dislike under any affectation of humour. But the amusement of the other two young ladies was pure and unmixed. They regarded him with an unchecked sense of ridicule. He had never put forward any pretensions to their regard, as a lover, he merely wished to exhibit himself to them as a man of commanding personal qualities,

and winning manners, so as to compel them to speak of him, in the presence of others of the sex, especially Miss Moore, as the *beau ideal* of gallantry and manly accomplishments. But it was not so with Miss Moore. She was conscious of his pretensions to her heart and hand, and hence it was that while the other young ladies could regard his awkwardness, and ridiculous assumptions, and absurd self-conceit without any reserve, she, on the contrary, felt embarrassed by the consciousness that he was endeavouring to fasten himself upon her attention, and to win her approbation; and therefore she was unable to enjoy the ridicule which his absurd conduct provoked without a feeling of uneasiness.

“Well, I declare,” observed the elder Miss Credan, after they had ceased laughing at the thought of his self-sufficient buffoonery, “he is an incorrigible fool. I don’t know that I have ever seen or heard such a compound of ignorance and impudence. And the vanity of him, too! Why, he would remind one of a lunatic who had just been pronounced recovered from the worst and most dangerous stage

of his disorder. He is not absolutely wicked; that's all I see redeeming in him. But I shouldn't like to trust him very far; for I believe him to be malicious under that exterior of harmless folly."

"Well, now, my dear," said Mrs. Credan, "you shouldn't talk that way. It is only his manner that is faulty; he is not at all dangerous, I assure you. Ah, there are many young ladies who would be quite proud of his attentions. I only wish that either of you had the good fortune of being in his favour. Look at his property, and his position in the county! When you are as long in the world as I am, my dears, you will entertain other opinions than those which you have now, about such matters."

"I protest, mamma," said the younger daughter, "I wouldn't marry Joe Whitmore, if he were on the throne of England. Marry *him*! Oh, the idea is sickening. I tell you, mamma, whom I should marry."

"Whom?" asked her mother.

"A gentleman," was the reply, "to whom Joe Whitmore would be a sort of jester—not jester either—he hasn't wit

for that ; but something lower, whatever that might be."

"What gentleman ? " asked the mother, fancying the daughter meant some particular gentleman.

"Any gentleman at all that is a gentleman," was the reply.

We shall now follow Whitmore and Mackey, and endeavour to report as much of their conversation as we may deem interesting. After they had passed into the sloping grounds leading to the coverts, Peter Mackey drew close up to the side of Whitmore, and said,—

"Well, masther Joe, how did you find the pigeon ? did she hang down her wings and begin to *coo*. The *Moore* pigeons, by jingo, are not very tame."

"No, not very tame," replied Joe ; "but, cracko ! I'm what you may call the man for such wild fowl. I take them sitting, strutting, or on the wing, all alike to me. This *Moore* bird of mine is worth the plucking, and, cracko ! I shall pluck her."

Peter lifted up his red nose, and observed, with a grin,—

"If any man can do it, you are just him. Jingo, she is a snug plump bird too ; and

'twould be a pity that any man less than yourself should have the pluckin' of her."

"Any man," exclaimed Joe, sweeping his tongue around his upper lip, "do you mean that stuck-up beggar, Granville? Peter, mark [me,—I'll cook that fellow's liver for him; I'll spoil his taste for fat chicken—cracko, if I don't;—the presumptuous upstart."

"Right there," exclaimed Peter, "but you see he boasts of his high blood; and he wouldn't like to be called *upstart*, but what is he alongside of you? Where's his estate? I'd like to know that. What business has he to stand in the way of a gentleman of [property like you? How dare he to have the impudence? The sooner his wizen is twisted for him the betther for all. I wondher can we depind on Jer Grinnex to do his job."

"If Grinnex doesn't do it, we have other means of doing him up," replied Whitmore. "We'll trap him, and spoil his feathers for him. That would do quite as well. Don't you think so? But, look here, I have a week before me now;—can she escape my powers in that time. I'll bring her into subjection to my will in

less than that time—cracko ! you may rely upon that fact. Show me the woman that's able to baffle me, when I set my genius to work."

"You and herself bein' in the same house together for a week is everything," said Peter, "if she don't listen to raison, why, there's only the other way for it—that's to make her undherstand herself. When once you get those young chickens to pick out o' your hand, there's seldom or never any throuble with 'em afther. If they flutther a bit itself afther that, 'tis nothin'. A little soft word, like *chick ! chick !* will do their job for 'em then."

"Oh ! leave that to me," said Joe, "I'm the charmer for that. But here, Mackey," he drew himself up as he said this, and took his companion by the collar of the coat, then putting his mouth close to his ear, he whispered, in a burning breath, "I want revenge too—I'm not a man to be despised."

"That's my creed," responded Peter. "By jing, I never yet let that same revenge grow cowu'd 'till I satisfied my stomach with it. That's what I calls the spirit of a man."

While the two ruffians were thus communicating their black thoughts to each other, they had approached close to a small covert on the slope of the hill; and soon heard a succession of sounds of fire-arms. Bang, bang, came upon their ears from either extremity of the covert. Immediately after this they saw a part of a covey of partridge coming towards them, and after a slow turn or two, the birds dropped into the brushwood a little above them.

“Now for a bang,” exclaimed Peter, taking his gun from his shoulder, and eyeing the lock; “you go around to the right, Masther Joe, and I’ll strike right up.”

After a few seconds the birds rose slowly, and passed between the two sportsmen. Whitmore fired his two barrels and failed to bring down a single bird; Peter was more successful, his two barrels went off, and two birds came tumbling on the ground.

“No fault of yours,” exclaimed Peter, looking towards Whitmore; “you were a little too quick, that’s all—you took ’em on the start, when they were crossin’; but I winged ’em in the straight line. Your handlin’ was good, Masther Joe;—first

rate—I never see a man do it with a bouldher stroke : but the least bit too hot. Jingo, you looked a man o' your inches too, your body so straight, and your eye so blazin'."

The truth was that no man could have handled his weapon less skilfully than Whitmore had done on the occasion. His whole demeanour was awkward, clumsy, and bungling. A milk-maid would have shown more skill and nerve in the handling and firing of a gun than he had displayed ; and yet Peter praised him for his skill and manly attitude ; and attributed his failure to an accident which was only an evidence of his want of skill.

Whitmore appeared to acquiesce in the remarks of his companion, and to believe that he really showed no want of skill or ability in the use of his weapon. Such, indeed, is the conduct of knaves and fools towards each other in every department of life. Where the spirit of villainy exists all sincerity, all truth, all feeling of good-will becomes extinct between even the villains themselves, for the rogue deems himself wise in the exercise of his knavery. And the aim of this so-called wisdom is to over-

reach and betray not only indifferent persons whom chance may throw in the way, but even the very men who are acting together as accomplices.

Here were two men, each a ruffian in his own way, and each bent upon his own purpose; but the one was an overmatch for the other, that is to say, he was a greater villain; and his superiority he exercised without the slightest feeling of consideration for the weakness, the incapacity, the failure, the ruin of his companion.

Peter Mackey had his eye steadily fixed on one object alone, and that was his own aggrandizement, no matter how or by what means that end was to be attained; even though it were by the destruction of the man whom he was using; and who, he knew, was using him. He entertained not a scintilla of kindly feeling towards him; he would not show him the way out of an error, or a danger, even though he were to gain nothing by allowing him to drop into such error or danger.

This was not, however, the character of Whitmore. He was a villain, it is true, but he was of a different type from Mackey.

He would readily adopt any scheme, no matter how dark and treacherous, which he believed would conduce to the attainment of his cherished object; but there, it may be said, he stopped. His mind, to be sure, was tainted with the spirit of villainy, and inclined, of course, in that direction, no matter whether he had an object or not, but then he would not throw his strength into the accomplishment of a piece of rascality in which he had no direct personal interest.

Peter Mackey, on the contrary, felt and acted as if every deed of villainy, no matter how remote from his own immediate interests, must, in the end, be useful to him. He felt happy in the contemplation of acts of deceit, treachery, and wickedness. And yet, with this character stamped upon his heart and soul, he passed for an honest man. And not only that, but he was pointed at by some of the most respectable people of his village and parish as an example of morality, of piety, of charity, and of every Christian attribute worthy the imitation of all who desired to be respectable in character, and to bear the impress of pious Christian men.

As a villain, then, Joe Whitmore was not a match for Peter Mackey. Indeed, Peter had no match in the county except one, and that was Bartley Croker, the attorney. He was certainly his match, and, if possible, more than his match. The publican was *very perfect*, but the attorney was *most perfect*.

It may, perhaps, occur to the reader that when Peter praised Whitmore for his skill and ability in shooting, he had an object in misleading him ; because he was thereby enabled to bag more partridge himself. He had no such motive, however, because on the present occasion he was shooting for Whitmore, and not for himself ; so that his interest should be that Whitmore were successful. But his gratification at Whitmore's incapacity arose altogether from his inherent desire to see ill-success attend everybody. He felt a pleasure in that thought, and believed that somehow or other, it must be for his own advantage.

We shall now leave the brace of villains to pursue their sport ; and shall return to Mooloch House, to see how matters are progressing there.

The ladies walked out into the flower garden shortly after Whitmore's departure; and strolled about, looking at the flowers and admiring their various colours and perfumes. They chatted, too, about other matters of interest, such as balls, dresses, and weddings.

But after a little time, Mrs. Credan desired her daughter to return to the house, for the purpose of giving certain directions to the servants about dinner, and she and Fanny Moore walked together alone, when she commenced as follows:—

“What an agreeable man is Mr. Whitmore—don't you think so, Fanny?”

“Really, I hardly think so, aunt.”

“Oh, but he is though,” said Mrs. Credan; “and he has such a magnificent property too. To be sure, they talk of his grandfather, or father, or somebody being a plumber, or stoker, or something of that sort—I forget what it is; but what does that matter, in these times, my dear? We must overlook many things in order to establish ourselves in the world. Family, of course, is a great deal; but *we* have that; and then by combining both, everything desirable might be accomplished.”

“Combining both what?” asked Fanny.

“Why, my dear,” replied Mrs. Credan, “family, and—and—oh! well—property and family.”

“And haven’t *we* both?”

“Yes, *we* have; but I mean when our family is combined with Mr. Whitmore’s property, what a nice thing it would be.”

“But is it not quite as nice and much more natural to have our own family and our own property combined?”

“You don’t seem to comprehend me, my dear; I mean an alliance between our family and Mr. Whitmore.”

“Oh, I thought you meant, aunt, an alliance between our family and Mr. Whitmore’s property.”

“Now, my dear, what I mean is this, that Mr. Whitmore is very anxious to get married into our family; and that it would be very desirable to meet his views in that respect. That is what I mean.”

“Oh, indeed, is that it, aunt? Which of my cousins is he enamoured of?”

Fanny could with difficulty repress the laughter which came bubbling to her lips at her own equivocation.

Mrs. Credan seemed a little put out, but she rallied immediately, and said,—

“My dear, you cannot be unaware that *you* are the object of Mr. Whitmore’s devotion.”

Here Fanny burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, her aunt looking agape, and wondering at the insensibility by which her niece appeared to be affected. Fanny, at length recovering from her merry fit, and wiping away from her eyes the tears it had produced, said, with a comic expression of countenance,—

“Pardon me, my dear aunt, but I really feel so affected by the *devotion*, as you call it, of this gay and gentle Lothario, that I scarcely know whether to laugh or cry; I think, indeed, I have been doing both.”

“Well, my dear,” said Mrs. Credan, “I must only say that you are not aware of the importance of this matter, otherwise you would not treat it so lightly. I have been speaking to your mother about it, and she agrees with me as to the advantages of such an alliance. What objection can you have to Mr. Whitmore, my dear?”

“My dear aunt,” replied Fanny, “do now bear with me when I say that I could

no more bring myself to marry the man you speak of than I could to do any other impossible thing—than to drown myself, for instance. But, perhaps, my cousin may appreciate the devotion of this gentleman.”

She again felt an inclination to laugh, but she checked herself, and observed,—

“At any rate, my dear aunt, ’tis quite a waste of time and of words to be talking to me about him.”

Mrs. Credan saw now that it was useless to press the matter further; but she was nevertheless desirous to ascertain how far, if at all, Fanny’s affections were already occupied; and if Herbert Granville were the person to whom she was attached; of which, indeed, she could entertain but little doubt. She therefore placed her hand on Fanny’s shoulder, and looking into her eyes, with an earnest and inquiring gaze, said,—

“Tell me, Fanny, do you love Herbert Granville?”

“I do, aunt,” was the unhesitating reply.

Mrs. Credan removed her hand from Fanny’s shoulder, and looked down upon the ground, with the forefinger of her

right hand pressed against her under lip. After a pause of some seconds, she raised her eyes again and looking into the sky, said, as if communing with herself, so low and muffled were her accents,—

“Love! sweet impulse of the heart! how endearing is thy mien! how bright and glowing is thy aspect! how sweet and thrilling is the music of thy voice! how fondly do thy dulcet accents fall upon our ears! and when the glowing emotions which thy presence brings have, in the current of time, faded into twilight calmness, how soft, how serene, and yet how thrilling the sensations thou bringest! Love, farewell—but no; rest here in this bosom; and be to me a solace, a comforter, a light to guide my way amid the troubled scenes of this vale of sorrow, a hope, a consolation, a blessing.”

She paused, and turning to her niece, she took her arm, and they walked on in silence together.

After some moments thus spent, Mrs. Credan said,—

“Fanny, my dear child, if you love Herbert Granville, and if you know that he loves you, let no one put you asunder.

For me, ah ! I should be the last in this world to tamper with the sacred feelings of the heart. It is true, we ought ever to be cautious in yielding our affections to men, lest the object might be unworthy. That would be a fatal step, a step involving the loss of our dearest happiness here ; but when mutual worthiness, and mutual honour ratify the exchange of affections, then indeed we act wisely, and our bliss is secure. Of Herbert Granville I entertain, and have always entertained, though, may God pardon me, I have spoken sometimes falsely of him in the weakness and folly of the moment, but, in my secret heart I have ever entertained of him the highest opinion, for his noble character, and his splendid genius.—Come, my dear, let us go in ; they will miss us.”

END OF VOL. II.



